The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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STORMING AN OPERA TROUPE.

The Fate which Befell a Company that Imposed upon the Public.

The Mirror of Life
Accurate Illustrations of Leading Events of the Day

Published Weekly by
THE ALBION PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of people prominent in the sporting and theatrical world are acceptable, and all portraits sent must be accompanied by a complete record to ensure publication. All sketches and news of an interesting character throughout Great Britain will be liberally paid for, if used. All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, The Mirror of Life," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining The Mirror of Life regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO.

"Be Just and Fearless."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W. (Glasgow).—Your request has been granted.

G. (Stepney).—See elsewhere in these columns.

J. G. (Bridgeton).—"Chalk" writes exclusively for The Mirror of Life.

E. Smithwick.—See our next issue.

Inquirer (Bristol).—Send one shilling to The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C., for "Life and Battles of James J. Corbett, Champion Pugilist."

Reader (Belfast).—Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, will visit England in July and probably stay here, and fight in the autumn at the National Club.

X. L.—Portrait will be returned if desired.

J. G. (Glasgow).—W. Love, W. Barr, and Robert Graham, wholesale newsagents, of your town, supply The Mirror of Life to dealers in and about Glasgow.

The reduction in the retail price of The Mirror of Life to twopence per copy has evidently met with the hearty approval of the principal newsagents throughout the United Kingdom, because orders have been increased beyond the most sanguine anticipation. We have come to stay, and what is more, we propose giving the public a first-class illustrated journal equal to any of the higher priced ones published in the United States. Every effort will be made to produce from time to time the best and most reliable news possible in the sporting line, and inducements held out to advance the interest in the fistic world.

We shall make a strong bid for a large circulation, and feel justified in saying that the public will do their utmost to aid us in accomplishing our object.

* * *

Our readers no doubt realise that The Mirror of Life is without a muzzle or a mission, and are always ready to bestow credit where credit is due. If any of your friends desire to keep thoroughly posted on sporting in any of its branches, advise them to peruse the columns of The Mirror of Life weekly. By so doing you will bestow upon them a kindness which they will appreciate and at the same time favour us with your best wishes.

* * *

The Mirror of Life don't pose as a "tipping" paper, but suggests horses capable of winning on form. If you wish to get good reliable inside Turf information read "Chalk's" gossip weekly, and at the end of the racing season you will be ahead of the "game." A word to the wise is sufficient.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

PHENOMENAL TURF PREDICTIONS.

Horse-racing is one of the uncertainties of life, and the best news obtainable is none too good for the public. "Chalk," in issue No. 19, gave eleven winners, not from guess work, but on actual form and stable information. His Turf predictions have been phenomenal, and those who have accepted his suggestions are well ahead of the game. It is the aim of the proprietors of The Mirror of Life to, at all times, supply the best and most reliable information, not only on the Turf, but matters appertaining to boxing and athletics.

The following are a few opinions which have reached us within the past few days:

Elkan Simons, Birmingham: The Mirror of Life supplies a long-felt want, and on my travels I hear only words of praise for the spicy journal.

H. E. Cleveland, Birmingham.—The success of The Mirror of Life is assured. No sportsman or publican should be without it.

James Rymer, Champion Shaver of Mile End.—The Mirror of Life is without a muzzle or a mission. I keep it on file at my shop, and it is just what my customers wish in the shape of a sporting journal.

Alf Gower, Champion Pugilist.—I am a constant reader of your paper, and wish it success.

Mr. John Fleming, Manager of the National Sporting Club.—Few people realise the valuable information The Mirror of Life imports. It is sure to be a success.

Will Hulse, Nottingham.—The Mirror of Life is well worth a sixpence. It is a pleasure for me to read it weekly.

James Johnson, Belfast.—There is no end to the circulation The Mirror of Life will get at twopence. It is well worth a tanner.

Sam Nixon, Flat Iron Hotel, Liverpool.—We have no paper so interesting as The Mirror of Life. My customers ask for it every Wednesday.

Mr. Tom Wright, White Swan Hotel, Leicester.—I advise all my friends who wish to keep posted on Turf, Boxing, and Athletic News to buy The Mirror of Life. I wouldn't miss a number at any price.

L. Thomas, Newcastle-on-Tyne. — D. Watmaugh, 39, Newgate, supplies me weekly. If I couldn't get it here I should certainly subscribe for the paper.

A Newmarket trainer.—Your turf predictions are good. It's amusing to see the tipsters criticise "Chalk's" predictions, but he makes them all take a back seat.

A Member of the Victoria Club.—Whoever writes the turf news for The Mirror of Life gets inside information.

Mr. James Gordon, Glasgow.—"Chalk" is highly to be congratulated on his turf predictions.

WAS TOO PREVIOUS.

A German Incendiary who Exposed his Attempt to get Insurance Money.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Times have been pretty bad here of late," says a Sydney correspondent, "and all branches of business in a stagnant condition; failures are numerous, and unless there is some change for the better, many merchants will have to close their shops. A German resorted to a foolish dodge by first placing a heavy insurance on his place and then setting fire to it. Whilst the flames were fuming forth he took up a position opposite, and, holding the insurance papers above his head, danced in high glee over what he termed a profitable turn. He was captured by an officer and lodged in gaol. The insurance has been declared forfeited, and a term in prison will reward his efforts for being too previous."

WHERE WAS SWEETHEART TO-DAY?

An Episode of Holiday Pleasures and How a Man Conceals His Movements.

(Subject of Illustration.)

On holidays young swells are not apt to seek the company of their best girl, but have a burning desire for a bit of sport. Brighton or some other seashore resort would naturally be the spot where he would take his lady love rather than Hampstead Heath. A young lady high in social circles remarked on Whit Monday to a friend, "Where was sweetheart to-day?" Sweetheart claimed a rush of business duties necessitated his working at his office all day preparing important papers. That prevented his partaking of a four o'clock tea with the lady whom he adored. The truth was that his office work was merely a "white lie" which he told to quiet the tongue of the young lady. He passed his holiday in company with a couple of music hall favourites, and the way the wine flowed was a caution. Bottle after bottle was disposed of, and when the time arrived for him to journey home it required the aid of the young ladies to navigate him along on his way. He might have played cricket, but where does a cricket game share in the fascinations of a pair of sirens of the footlights? Of course, he has a headache the following morning, presumably from an overtaxed brain, but who ever heard of a man being troubled that way only of a Monday morning, or the day following one of pleasure?

PLEASURE BOATS COLLIDE.

The "Lord of the Isles" has a Bumping Bout with the "Victoria" on the Thames.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The majestic *Lord of the Isles*, the Victoria Steamboat Company's favourite excursion boat, is temporarily a cripple. She even ran a narrow "squeak" of being in a worse plight than she is at the moment. It happened in this way. The *Lord of the Isles* was steaming up the river from Tilbury to Old Swan Pier to embark passengers for Harwich. Her voyage was uneventful until she came to London Bridge, and then the mischief began. As usual, there was a plentiful sprinkling of Thames "crawlers," otherwise barges, drifting with the customary happy-go-lucky unconcern on an easy-going tide. To avoid them her captain steered her through the second arch of the bridge from the Middlesex side, but she just failed to make the centre of the span, and her funnels made a "cannon" off the masonry, and shot away, if not in little pieces, at any rate in something very nearly resembling their equivalent. In short, the collision was violent enough to completely tear them from her deck. Misfortunes, however, never come singly, and more remained behind. Having managed to pass the arch, she proceeded with all the sanguinary activity of a sentient and self-respecting mortal, to "take something back" from the nearest and handiest object, which happened in this instance to be her friend the *Victoria*. In ordinary nautical parlance she "swerved" and "collided" with that inoffensive craft; but speaking pugilistically she pounded the Victoria with such vigorous animosity that that excellent vessel was speedily very much the "worse for wear." After that the *Lord of the Isles* became obstreperous and drifted with not unnatural dudgeon, having regard to all the circumstances, until a considerable number of tugs at last deemed it expedient to interfere. With the wrecking of her funnels and the damaging of her magnificent machinery, of which she was very properly proud, the *Lord of the Isles* simply became quite unmanageable, and though she succeeded in safely passing Cannon Street Railway Bridge and Southwark Bridge, she at last went ashore on the Middlesex side. Then it was time for the tugs to secure her, which they did without much difficulty, and she was finally towed back to the company's dock. The last heard of her was that she had "sustained very serious damage both to her machinery and hull, and would have to undergo a thorough overhaul." As for the *Victoria*, her left paddle-box was seriously injured. So was the gig used for embarking passengers—smashed into pieces, in fact. After a delay of a quarter of an hour, however, she was able to proceed on her journey. The *Victoria* was embarking for Margate and Ramsgate at the time the bout between her and the *Lord of the Isles* occurred, and she had already a large number of passengers on board. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the veracious reporter says there was "considerable excitement" among the women passengers. What the dear creatures are capable of accomplishing at a pinch when necessary is indicated by the fact that in their panic "many of them jumped from the deck to the pier." But the piermen gallantly went to their assistance, and the excitement was quickly allayed.

STAGE TALK.

This week Champion Corbett and party are appearing in Glasgow. Next week they show at Edinburgh, and then they return to London for a week at the Grand Theatre, Islington. A week at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and Ireland will consume a month. In the meantime, Manager Brady will decide whether he will disband the company or not. If the company is disbanded then Corbett and Donaldson will appear in sparring bouts in the large cities on the Continent.

* * *

It is said that Bobby Gaylor, the Celtic wit, has declined a three years' engagement here at £80 per week. Bobby knows he is a "card," and will return next April for an extended engagement in London. He contemplates producing his comedy, "Boss Sweeney," and will persuade Miss Florrie West to take the leading female part. Miss West is capable of portraying the Irish peasant to perfection, and would, no doubt, prove a big favourite. If she don't appear in the comedy, the music hall will claim her for a year or two. Miss West is an excellent singer and a graceful dancer, and with those accomplishments her success is assured.

* * *

Morris Cronin's club-swinging act is creating quite a sensation at the Empire. He is the best that America ever produced. R. G. Knowles is the man who induced him to come to this country.

SAD ACCIDENT AT IPSWICH.

Six Pleasure-Seekers Drowned whilst Enjoying a Holiday.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A terrible boating accident occurred on the river Deben, near Ipswich, May 14. A pleasure party of eleven persons, composed principally of members of a family named Stollery, with two young neices, went for a sail up the river as far as Bawdsey. On the return journey the flag on the mast became entangled, and one of the party ascended to remove it. This caused the boat to lurch, and the occupants rushing to one side, it capsized, and all were thrown into the water. One swam ashore and four were rescued, but the remaining six were drowned. The names of the drowned are Mrs. Stollery, 56; David Stollery, 23; Charles Stollery, 14; Kate Stollery, 17 Louie Rookyard, 13; and Susie Rookyard, 10. Three of the bodies have been recovered. Two members of the party, George and David Stollery, were seafaring men well acquainted with the navigation of the river. Appended are the names of the saved:—George Stollery, 22; William Stollery, 15; Alfred Stollery, Selina Last, of Ipswich; and Nellie Farthing, of Kirton. The bodies recovered are those of Mrs. Stollery, her daughter Kate, and her niece Susie Rookyard. Alfred Stollery, one of the survivors, has informed a reporter that it was his brother George who climbed the mast, leaving the tiller which he had been holding to his brother David. When the boat capsized it did not sink, and four of the party succeeded in clinging to it till help arrived. David and Charles attempted to swim ashore, but did not succeed.

MIKE DONOVAN.

Ex-Middle-Weight Pugilist, Instructor to the New York Athletic Club.

(With Portrait.)

Mike Donovan, ex-middle-weight champion of America, is conceded to be one of the most proficient instructors of the manly art in the States. He is instructor to the New York Athletic Club, a position he has held for many years. Mike gained his laurels, or at least most of them, many years ago battling in the old style. He is exceedingly clever, and can make it interesting for many of the middle-weights of the present generation.

He will probably visit this country in July, and engage in a series of exhibition boxing bouts.

MEMOIRS OF TOM JOHNSON.

The Once Celebrated Champion of England.

TOM JOHNSON was a native of Yorkshire. Born in 1750, he came to London at an early age, and pursued the vocation of a corn-porter for nearly twenty years upon the several wharfs leading to Thames Street. His surprising strength was first discovered from an act of benevolence, doing the work of a fellow porter, who was ill, united with his own, and giving the money to the family of the sick porter till he was able to return to his work. Johnson had fought all the picked men of England, and they were reluctantly compelled to acknowledge his vast superiority. He was in height nearly 5ft 9in, and about 14st in weight.

Johnson's first set-to, in 1783, was with a fighting carman, of the name of Jarvis, and though Tom was looked on as a mere novice in the art, yet he displayed so much superiority over the carman that his fame was soon made known. Jarvis had milled a few good men himself, but in the hands of Johnson he got so dreadfully beaten that he was scarcely able to walk out of Lock's Fields, where the contest was decided.

The Croydon Drover, a man of pugilistic notoriety, now fought Johnson upon Kennington Common, but Johnson finished him in a very short period.

Steevy Oliver, the noted Death, although growing old fast, and who had been fighting since the days of Broughton, entered the lists with Tom Johnson, and proved himself a good bit of stuff—but his day was gone by, and Johnson was not long in getting the victory.

Bill Love, a butcher, challenged Johnson for fifty guineas, which was decided at Barnet; but Love was, in a few minutes, so completely cut up as to leave Johnson in possession of the victory.

Jack Towers, who had overcome Death, thought he had little more to fear, and therefore without hesitation agreed to fight Johnson at the above place; but Tom had likewise got the better of Death, and in a very short time Towers was completely satisfied that he stood no chance with Johnson, and so gave in.

A man, of the name of Fry, offered to fight Johnson for fifty guineas, at Kingston, in June, 1786, which Tom cheerfully agreed to; but in less than half an hour Fry was very glad to put an end to the contest, and Tom walked off the ground not even pinked!

Johnson about this period (1787) beat everyone that was opposed to him, when it was deemed necessary by the sporting world to look for a customer who might be able to stand something like a chance with him. As the metropolis could produce no such character; Bristol was searched, when Bill Warr was selected as an article that could be depended upon, and he was backed to fight Johnson for 200 guineas upon a stage at Oakhampton, in Berkshire, on January 18, 1787. In the first round Warr found out that he had got a trump to deal with by receiving nearly a doubler from Johnson, and he immediately acted upon the defensive. In fact, it was scarcely worthy of being called a fight, and the amateurs were not only disappointed but much displeased. Warr was convinced that he could not beat Johnson by standing up to him, and therefore determined to try whether he could not tire him out; and, generally, when Tom attempted to put in a good blow, Warr was down upon his knees. This humbugging lasted nearly an hour and a half, Johnson's intentions being continually frustrated by Warr dropping on his knees; at length a prime blow made him cry out "Foul," and he instantly bolted, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his second to come back and finish the fight.

Ryan's well-known skill and bottom stood so high with the swells of the Fancy, that the odds were 6 to 4 before the fight; which took place at Wradisburg, in Buckinghamshire, on December 19, 1787. The seconds were chosen from the first-rate pugilists—Humphries for Johnson, and Dunn for Ryan; and even the bottle-holders were of equal rank, in Tring for the latter, and Mendoza for the former. The celebrated Mr. Wyndham and General Fitzpatrick were more than gazers on this occasion.

After the fight had continued for nearly twenty minutes, and at the close of a most tremendous round, Ryan put in a dreadful blow upon Johnson's temple, which so completely stunned him that his arms fell down as useless by his side; and was following up this advantage by another hit, which must have decided the contest, when Humphries ran in to save Johnson, and caught Ryan in his arms. The cries of "Foul! foul!" now resounded from all parts of the spectators, and the friends of Ryan instantly demanded the money. Considerable time having now elapsed, Johnson was perfectly recovered, and challenged Ryan to renew the combat; the latter, like a man, notwithstanding it was considered there was no necessity for so doing, agreed to it, thinking he could beat Johnson. The battle was at length renewed; but it was soon perceived that Ryan's strength was exhausted by passion, and he now, in about ten minutes, became an easy conquest to Johnson, by giving away the chance. Ryan's conduct in the battle was so noble, and his manly courage and science so truly apparent, that the amateurs were still left in doubt to decide accurately which was the best man.

In consequence of this opinion, a second battle was determined upon, and fought upon a stage near Rickmansworth, in a gentleman's park, for 600 guineas, on Feb. 11, 1789. It was a contest of great anxiety, and the whole of the bruising world were there, from the Corinthian-pillar to the costermonger! Johnson, with his second, Humphries, and Jackson as his bottleholder, mounted the stage at three o'clock, and were immediately followed by Ryan, who was seconded by a Mr. Rolfe, a baker, and Nowlan as bottleholder. The set-to was one of the finest ever witnessed in the annals of pugilism. At length Ryan put in a severe blow on Johnson's chest that brought him to the ground. The second round, which continued about two minutes, was terrible beyond description—science seemed forgotten, and they appeared like two blacksmiths at an anvil, when Ryan received a knock-down blow. The battle was well sustained on both sides for some time; but Ryan's passion getting the better of him, and which was much increased by the irritation of Johnson's second in reflecting upon his country, he began to lose ground. Ryan's head and eyes made a most dreadful appearance, and Johnson was severely punished. The contest lasted for 33 minutes, when Ryan gave in.

Brain, denominated Big Ben, was now considered the only man capable of meeting Johnson, and a match was made for £1,000; but Ben, being taken ill at the appointed time, forfeited his deposit, which was £100.

Johnson's fame was now so considerably heightened that he was challenged in a few months afterwards by Isaac Perrins, of Birmingham, one of the strongest men in the kingdom. Perrins was 6ft 2in high without his shoes, and weighed close upon 17st, which was 3st heavier than Johnson, extremely active, cheerful, and good-tempered. The odds were considerably in his favour, and many of his Birmingham friends sported 2 to 1 against Johnson. The battle took place in Banbury, in Oxfordshire, upon a turf stage, 24ft square, railed in, and raised about five feet from the ground, on October 22, 1789.

On stripping Perrins looked in comparison like a Hercules, and Johnson, who in other fights appeared as a big man, by the side of Perrins now looked as a boy; the spectators were struck with the difference, and even Johnson's friends began to shake. The awful set-to at length commenced, and anxiety was upon the utmost stretch, Johnson steadfastly viewing his mighty opponent, and considerable skill was manifested by both the combatants for nearly five minutes. Perrins then made a blow which, in all probability, had he not have missed his aim, must have decided the contest, and Johnson been killed, from its dreadful force; but Tom was awake to the intent and eluded it, and in return put in a hit which could be of no trifling nature to knock a man down of 17st. Tom, finding he was overmatched, was obliged, for the first time in his life, to have recourse to shifting, to prevent his being beat straightforward; which conduct occasioned some murmuring from the spectators, and Perrins began to treat him with contempt, by exclaiming, "Why, what have you brought me here? This is not the valiant Johnson, the champion of England; you have imposed upon me with a mere boy?" Tom's manly heart felt most bitterly this keen sarcasm, and, bursting with indignation, instantly cried out, "By G—d! you shall know that Tom Johnson is here!" and directly made a spring at Perrins, and put in a lunge over his left eye, that closed it up in a twinkling; and his wind likewise getting bad, Johnson's friends took the hint, and began to sport their money upon the champion's head. Every round now Perrins appeared much the worse for, and fell repeatedly from his exhausted state. Johnson had it nearly his own way, hit where he liked, and put in several tremendous facers, that Perrins' head had scarcely the traces left of a human being! Still his courage never forsook him, and had not his friends interfered and prevented Isaac from fighting any longer, it was the general opinion that Perrins would have continued the contest till he had died! Perrins positively refused to give out, and was literally forced from the stage. Sixty-two such rounds of fighting for an hour and a quarter were scarcely, if ever, before witnessed in the annals of pugilism. The disparagement was spoken of as much too great between the combatants; and notwithstanding Johnson performed prodigies of valour, by beating so uncommonly large a man, and was entitled to every praise, yet still there were parts of the fight that the amateur could not approve of, and the spectators disliked. It was reported among the sporting men that Mr. Bullock made Johnson a present of £1,000, and that he had gained by the vast odds he had betted upon Tom, £20,000.

A match was at length made between Big Ben and Johnson for 500 guineas. At Wrotham, in Kent, upon a stage 24ft square, was the Championship of England once more to be decided, on January 17, 1791. Johnson mounted the stage at one o'clock, with firm and decent composure: and almost at the same instant Ben followed with a cheerful countenance. The set-to was more furious than usual upon these occasions, and Johnson, from a desperate blow on the face, fell upon his nose, which completely stupefied him. The effects appeared evident in the second round, when Ben put in another leveller. Johnson plucked up, and in the next set-to laid Ben upon his back. At length Johnson, in missing his aim at Ben, struck the stage with his hand, and broke his middle finger. Tom soon afterwards became desperate, and with the agonising idea that his proud fame was fast expiring, completely lost himself, and caught hold of the hair of Ben's head several times, shifted, and had recourse to those manœuvres so unlike his former conduct, that disapprobation was publicly expressed by the spectators. Ben, after milling away for twenty minutes, decided the battle, by putting in a most tremendous hit upon Johnson's ribs. Thus was the valiant and truly renowned Tom Johnson deprived of the championship, which he had so nobly maintained for several years unsullied!

Johnson never fought afterwards, but took the Grapes, in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He died at Cork, January 21, 1797, aged forty-seven years.

JACK HUNT.

A Popular Birmingham Sportsman and Publican.

(With Portrait.)

FEW of the many sporting publicans in Birmingham can command such a following as Jack Hunt, who presides over the destinies of the Oxford and Cambridge, Digbeth, which was recently kept by Alf. Greenfield, the well-known heavy-weight pugilist. The picture gallery formed by Greenfield was known all the world over, and contains upwards of 400 sporting oil and colour paintings, engravings, and portraits of celebrities of the past and present. It is now the property of Jack Hunt. This genial and large-hearted boniface possesses a perfect mine of sporting information, and has throughout his career been mixed up in all branches of sport. He can beat nine out of ten heavy-weight publicans in a 100 yards dash, and recently captained an eleven "bungs," each weighing over 14st, in a football match. His house is a recognised place of call for American and Australian sporting men visiting the Midlands. His enterprise in securing novelties for his saloon knows no bounds, and his "I. P. A." and "March Hare" would be bad to beat.

ON THE HOUSETOP BY MOONLIGHT.

Jack's Wife and Mary's Husband Caught Wishing on the New Moon.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHERE two families reside in the same house, and both couples are young, there is pretty sure to be trouble of some kind. Jealousy crops up between the women, or the men will perceive the faults of their wives and regard the others as angels. An incident just come to light near Southampton verifies the claim. It was soon learned that midnight walks were being indulged in by the men, who changed about the women folks, and whilst both men and women were kept too busy concealing their flirtation, one failed to suspect the other. When the new moon crept in sight the other night Jack's wife and Mary's husband were caught by Jack and Mary on the housetop flirting. Jack and Mary both threaten separation, but as one is as deep in the mud as t'other in the mire, some amicable understanding will be arrived at.

STORMING AN OPERA TROUPE.

The Fate which Befell a Company that Imposed upon the Public.

(Subject of Illustration)

FOR a sound, legitimate theatrical performance it is a most difficult matter to procure substantial backing, but organise a troupe of pretty girls, and have them appear in abbreviated attire, and capital is readily secured. At the time of writing there is a gentleman in London who has made a speciality of conducting troupes on tour, and while he fails to get very wealthy, he is always in a position to live in regal style. Any company he organises seldom runs through more than a year, and then follows a rest of a few months, enjoying life in London, ere another trip is contemplated. Speaking of his experiences before a trio of friends, in the smoke-room of one of our leading hotels, the other night, he said:—

"I have been in theatrical business now for over twenty years. When I first started it was my ambition to establish a company of merit and run annual tours through the kingdom. To do that considerable capital was necessary, so I exhausted my funds in order to give my first show. I had invited several gentlemen to attend, with a view to inducing them to invest some money. The show was a good one, and, while everybody acknowledged it, still it was impossible for me to induce anyone to advance the requisite sum of money. The company stranded, and I returned to London without a farthing, but plenty of debts hanging over my head. A second venture terminated in a similar fashion, so, as a final resort, I secured a dozen female performers, attractive in appearance, excellent form, but with a limited amount of talent. I had but three men in the troupe, making a company of fifteen. When I gave my first show several swells attended, and, having the girls scantily attired, the swells flocked around and persisted in securing an interest. The pretty faces got them so infatuated that all the money I desired was readily forthcoming. Of course, it was not up to the standard as a theatrical company, and we didn't draw good houses, but that was a secondary consideration. The swells followed the party, and when I wanted money it came so fast that I quickly arrived at the conclusion that I had struck the proper groove. For six months everything went along smoothly. Then the swells got weary of the scheme, so I disbanded. Returning to London, I reorganised, and got fresh talent, both in my company and of swells to draw on. We had a trip to South America and also on the Continent, so I've managed to do plenty of travelling, have lived like a prince, and very little to worry me. The worst deal I ever got was up in Scotland. I had out a comic opera troupe, and advertised it so strong that our first night brought a packed house. To tell you candidly we didn't have a decent singer in the party, and before the show was half over the people in the pit bombarded the stage. How they made the troupe scatter was a caution, and the girls became so alarmed that several neglected to change their costumes, but run for their lives through the streets to the hotel, chased by the angry throng. We didn't show there a second night, but cancelled everything for Scotland and went south. I honestly believe what caused the most trouble was one of the swells, who conveyed the idea that he could act, or, at least, sing; I assigned him a part, and when it came his turn he experienced such a stage fright that he couldn't sing or speak, but stood there trembling like an aspen leaf. The audience caught on and then began hooting, which only made matters worse, and incited the storming scene. Well, I'm at the same old game, and this time I strike for the continent. I've not secured my money end as yet, but it will come, all I've got to produce is the attractive performers, give a dress rehearsal, and the cash will roll in. It's surprising to know how many people are stuck on the stage. The rich and poor alike. When you catch a rich 'mug' a little flattery will quickly induce him to produce his money. No, I'm not in it for a legitimate show, give me the snap company with an abundance of pretty legs, and there's where you get your money."

ALF GOWER,

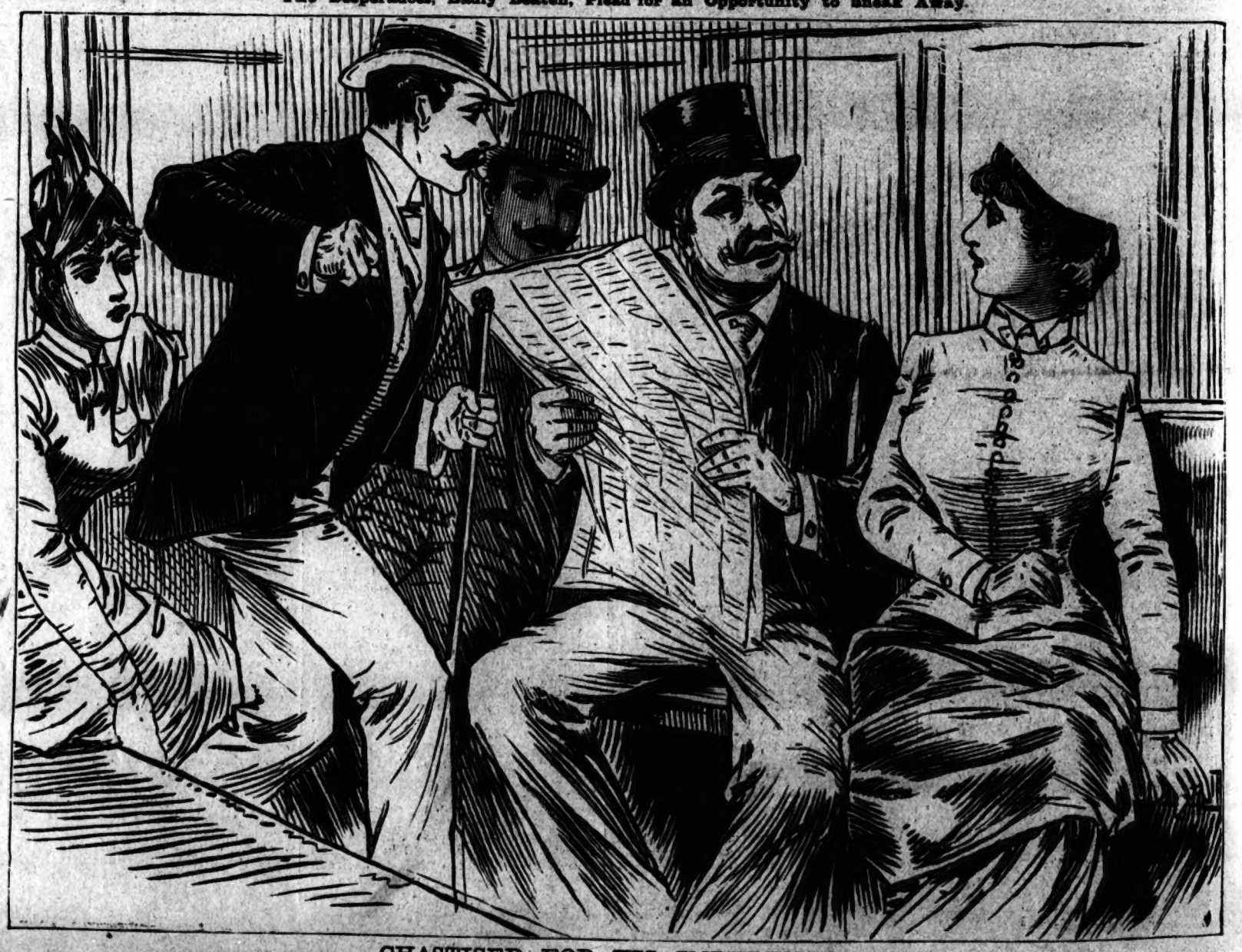
Champion Bantam, Who Seeks a Match at 7st 12lb.

(With Portrait.)

ALF GOWER, of Mile End, challenges all comers to a finish fight for a suitable stake and purse at from 7st 8lb to 7st 12lb. He has won several of Frank Hinde's competitions, and in match contests he has beaten Fred Sullivan for £100 a-side, at the Goodwin Club, in 1 hour and 15min. He disposed of Arthur Westley in 4 rounds, for £500, and the 7st 8lb championship at the National Sporting Club; after a four years' rest, he re-entered the arena and beat Fred Lock in 8 rounds at the National Club for £200 and the 7st 12lb championship.

HE WHIPPED THEM BOTH.

Two Desperadoes, Badly Beaten, Plead for an Opportunity to Sneak Away.

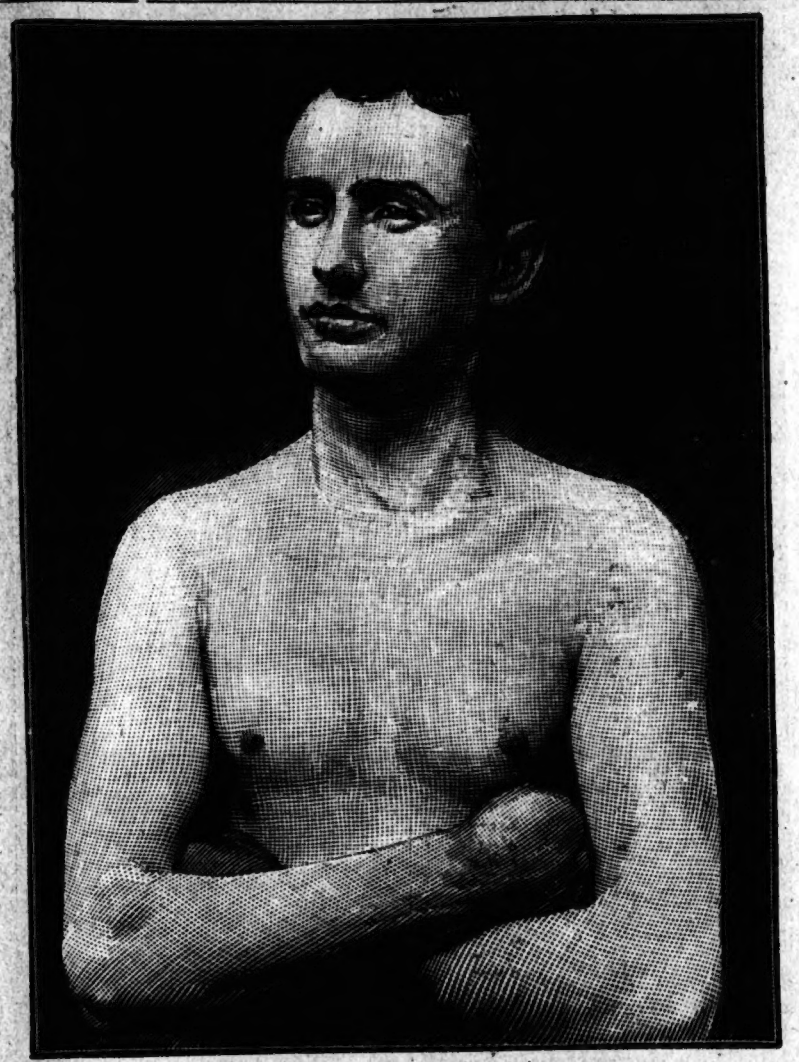


CHASTISED FOR HIS IMPUDENCE.

An Old Rake Receives his Just Deserts in a Railway Carriage.

WAS TOO PREVIOUS.

A German Incendiary who Exposed his Attempt to get Insurance Money.



"HIPPY" HORNER.

A Clever Retired Pugilist of Birmingham.

ON THE HOUSETOP BY MOONLIGHT.

Jack's Wife and Mary's Husband Caught Wishing on the New Moon.

HONEST SPORTS.

Shaving Competition.

What Rymer Says.

No More Sheffield Handicaps.

New York Sports' Lockout.

Turf Notes.

Cricketers at Play.

JAMES RYMER, the Mile End marvel, called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, May 17, to state that he had no objections to prolonging the date for the deciding of the shaving championship for THE MIRROR OF LIFE trophy. "It is a pleasure for me to know that Wick has agreed to contend," said Rymer, "and now I would like to have William Lloyd make a similar statement. When Wick and Lloyd were engaged in their match at the Aquarium, Lloyd positively agreed to meet me in a fair contest, but the narrow escape he had from defeat by Wick has evidently induced him to leave me severely alone. Wick is more of a sportsman than he, and so long as Teddy says he will enter I know he will stick to his word. All I ask now is for Wick to name a time when he is prepared to contest the match, and decide the championship. The rest of the competitors will no doubt voice my sentiment, however. Steele is the only one of the lot worthy of recognition, and I am satisfied he would tender no objections. I can get my portion of the subjects together any time, and strange to say they are rather delicate about permitting themselves to be operated on only by Wick and myself. I believe the foreign element are only entering in hopes of taking a loser's share of the proceeds. Wait till the contest comes off and you will see a bit of sport. They say blood will tell; well if it does, there will be plenty of carmine flowing down the cheeks of some of the subjects after the unknown talent take a crack at them."

* * *

IT is doubtful if any more big handicaps will be promoted at Sheffield for some time to come. The prosecutions which have been recently instituted by the Social Questions League in Sheffield have so far succeeded as to render the outlook for the future exceedingly unpromising. Those prosecutions were held against betting, which was stated to take place in the grounds during the progress of pedestrian events. The matter is now in abeyance, pending a decision at the Quarter Sessions. Even apart from this question, however, matters are unpromising. The landlord of the Ball Inn, Heeley, where several important events have lately been decided, has left, and the new tenant states that he has no intention of promoting like contests in that enclosure. Mr. Morte, too, landlord of the Sheaf House Grounds, is stated to be leaving, and with the Newhall Grounds and the Queen's Grounds given over to the builder, and the Hyde Park ones to the Volunteers, there seems little likelihood of another Sheffield Handicap being decided for some little time.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writing from New York City, says:—"Not within the memory of the oldest New Yorker have the bookmakers of this town looked so thoroughly sad and discouraged as they do at the present time. The light of hope is beginning to animate their eyes a little bit, but it is not shown by their attire, and they are never in evidence in the boxes at the theatres or in showy carriages in the Park, as they were at one time. The closing up of the winter tracks in New Jersey is responsible in a measure for this condition of the bookmakers, but by far the heaviest blow to their fortunes was the closing of the gambling houses in New York. These places, with one or two exceptions, have gone out of business, and the men who live upon the earnings of these houses have been compelled to seek other employment or wait until the opening of the regular racing season. There is a code of honour among these people which is of iron tenacity. If one of them is 'broke' he can always get money from a fellow-gambler who happens to have it, and he always pays the money back, or else disappears from the list of recognised bookmakers and gamblers. They do not give notes or I O U's or any other memoranda of these loans, and they 'stake' one another with remarkable liberality. A few bookmakers, who have laid by fortunes, have been keeping the majority of their fellow-gamblers alive and in funds during the past six months, but the racing season will be opened very shortly now, and the public will, as usual, rush in and re-make the fortunes of the 'Knights of the Slate.'"

* * *

IT is reported in New York that Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who won the Derby in 1881 with Iroquois, intends bringing a number of young racehorses to England, where he will establish a racing stable.

LORD DURHAM sustained a severe loss by the death of his famous horse, Peter Flower, which occurred at the Lambton Stud after a sudden and short illness.

* * *

CECIL RHODES has been sold for £1,000, and he goes to Belgium, where his class will enable him to win a few races before the season closes.

* * *

SHOULD the rumour as to the withdrawal of the Duke of Devonshire from the Turf be true, all sportsmen will regret that his Grace should have decided to take such a step. He has long been regarded as one of its pillars, and, together with the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Dudley, and Mr. Brodrick Cloete, has for many years trained with Marsh, who has now charge of the horses belonging to the Prince of Wales and Baron de Hirsch. His Grace's colours have probably been unfurled on every principal racecourse in the kingdom. He has picked up several good plums, but, taken on the whole, he cannot have made a profit out of his racing stud. Last year he only won four races of a total value of £1,493. His best season was in 1890, when his winnings amounted to £7,901.

* * *

THE action which has been instituted by the National Anti-Gambling League is not directed against the keeping of racehorses or racecourses, which they recognise as perfectly legal, but to test the Act of 1863, and to endeavour to obtain a conviction for keeping an illegal place—to wit, a betting enclosure on a racecourse. It is understood that the proceedings will first be instituted against a firm who are lessees of one of the racecourses, and who also act in an official capacity to the Jockey Club. The association is confident of the result, and is prepared to carry the matter to the highest tribunal.

* * *

ALDERMAN JOHN SMITH, nominee of the Chester Town Council on the Chester Race Company's directorate, reported to the council that the attendance on the three days of the Chester Meeting, counting 1,000 holders of three days' tickets, was 50,000. The receipts were over £9,800, an increase of £200 compared with last year. The amount payable to the Corporation in the shape of rent, namely 10 per cent. on the gross receipts, was £980.

* * *

THE feature of the cricket season, so far as it has gone, is undoubtedly the form displayed by Warwickshire. A special resolution passed at the recent meeting at Lord's enacted that the matches played by this and three other counties—Leicester, Essex, and Derbyshire—should rank in the first-class. Warwickshire has thus early shown that it deserved the honour accorded it by beating, in turn, two of the ex-champion counties—Notts and Surrey. These fine performances were supplemented on May 15 by the defeat of Kent by eight wickets. The team is in splendid condition just at present, and its future will be watched with the greatest of interest by all cricketers. Especially will the return matches with these counties attract plenty of attention, as Notts, Surrey, and Kent will strain every nerve to prevent the double event, the out and home fixture, being secured by their new rival.

* * *

THE English cricketing tour in Australia is said to be at last definitely settled. Mr. A. E. Stoddart will take out a team next September, by the Orient line steamer *Ophir*, starting on the 21st of the month.

* * *

THE Glasgow Cricket Union, under the auspices of which the Western Scottish District Cricket League is maintained, has arranged for a visit of the South African eleven to Glasgow to play a representative team, probably on the Clydesdale's ground, Tetwood Park, on July 16, 17, and 18, the Glasgow holiday week.

* * *

J. J. RYAN, champion American sculler, and W. Wright, of the Toronto Rowing Club, are in training at Kingston for the Henley Regatta. The form Ryan is showing in his practice spins is creating favourable comment.

* * *

THE first race for the second cup, for the half-mile swimming championship of Scotland, will be decided in the Cranston Hill Public Baths, Glasgow, on June 7.

* * *

THE Scottish Amateur Athletic Association will hold its annual meeting at Eden, near Glasgow, on Saturday, June 16.

* * *

JOHN S. JOHNSON, the American champion bicyclist, will attempt to ride a mile better than two minutes, at Waltham, Mass., June 2, on an offer of 1,000dols.

* * *

B. WILSON and T. White, members of the Jarrow Boat Club, rowed a half-mile race at Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 14, for £40. Wilson got the lead, and won by one and a-half lengths in 3¼min.

* * *

GEORGE and HOWARD GOULD, the American millionaires, intend sending their yacht, the Vigilant, to this country from the States, June 1. They will be prepared to accept any challenge issued from either side of the Atlantic.

GEORGE HAZAEL, the veteran, who at one time was one of the best runners in the world at from one hour to six days, is financially embarrassed, and his friends are getting up a subscription in his behalf. Hazael is well worthy of recognition, and the testimonial should be a good one.

* * *

THE Dockers' Union, No. 1, and Carmen promoted an athletic carnival, Whit-Monday, at Lea Bridge. Fred Brien and Ted Ballard had charge of the arrangements. Messrs. Read, Jacobs, and Whitehead officiated as judges, and Harry Orbell as starter. The meeting was a decided success, the various events resulting as follows: 300 yards race, E. Elkins; mile run, C. Williams; half-mile race, A. Shaw; 200 yards juvenile race, J. Murphy; 250 yards race, confined to heavy weights, Fred King; 440 yards race, E. Elkins. In a Tug-of-War, a team of dockers outpulled a team of carmen. Mr. M. R. Clark, proprietor of the grounds, used his every effort to make the affair a success.

* * *

AN extraordinary scene was witnessed in Union Square, Bury, the other afternoon, when the Bury police effected a very successful raid upon a number of cock-fighters. The house at which the affair took place is situated in the very heart of the town, and is next door to the business premises of a town councillor. About one o'clock in the afternoon Detective-sergeant Peeples, Sergeant Ross, and Police-constable Gill proceeded to the house, and upon the door being opened in answer to their summons, forced their way in, and found close upon a hundred persons in the house. Proceeding to the second storey the officers found a large number of publicans and tradesmen watching a cock-fight. The instant the officers were perceived a scene of indescribable confusion and excitement followed. Men rushed to the windows of both the front and back rooms, threw up the sashes, and many of them leaped a distance of 15ft. or 16ft. to the ground, and thus effected their escape. One man, hailing from Blackstone Edge, was so badly hurt that he had to be taken away in a cab. About eighteen or twenty names were secured by the police of people from Rochdale, Oldham, Mumps, Colne, Norden, Royton, Lees, Bolton, Belmont, Stacksteads, and Bury. Eleven live cocks were found on the premises and two dead ones.

* * *

AT the Manchester Gun Club, May 18, a remarkable pigeon-shooting match took place between Mr. C. Hannam, of Bradford, well known in turf circles, 27 yards, and Mr. F. Hardy, of Manchester, 30 yards' rise, to shoot at 21 birds for stakes of £1,000 a-side. Up to half-way there was very little in it, but afterwards Hardy fell off, and Hannam eventually won by 20 birds to 13. £100 to £50 was betted on the winner, whilst over £2,000 was wagered on the result. The pair had previously met at Monte Carlo for £800 on two occasions, and each won a match, the present one being the decider.

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

THREGONVILLE FRAMPTON, ESQ., was born in the reign of King Charles I., when the sports of racing commenced at Newmarket. He was keeper of the running horses to their Majesties William III., Queen Anne, George I., and George II., and died March 12, 1727, age eighty-six years. The most remarkable events in the lives of that gentleman and his horse, Dragon are most pathetically depicted by Dr. J. Hawkesworth in the following words, supposed to be spoken by the horse in the Elysium of birds and beasts:—"It is true," replied the steed, "I was a favourite; but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity? My tyrant was a man who had gained considerable money by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums, but being at length excepted out of every match as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet still I lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasure, though my labour was become subsequently useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared. I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation, I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand guineas. Mr. ——, the proprietor of the mare I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum. My master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would, the next day, produce a gelding that should beat her; but what was my astonishment and indignation when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for the match upon the spot, and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound; the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge. I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony which soon after put an end to my life."

* * *

SPORT AT THE WEST END IN 1822.—A snip strolled from his shopboard, and got a little lushy at a flash publican's crib, offered to fight "mine host" for a good bit of blunt, and stood up crowing like a game cock upon his own dunghill, with his mauleys up for a mill; but one round so completely satisfied the "ninth part of a man," that he dropped down upon his luck, and became as quiet as a bodkin.

* * *

AN EXTRAORDINARY SHOT.—A clergyman in the eastern part of Sussex in the early part of the nineteenth century, at a single discharge of his gun is said to have killed a partridge, shot a man, a hog, and a hog-sty, broke fourteen panes of glass, and knocked over six ornaments on a mantelpiece.

* * *

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.—A farmer in Lincolnshire had a greyhound which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party he ordered his dog to be tied up. About an hour afterward he inquired of the servant if he had done as he directed. "Yes, sir, I has." "Very well." "I dare say he is dead before now." "Why, damn you, you have not hanged him?" rejoined the master. "Yes, sir, you bid me to tie him up."

* * *

ALL HIS FAULTS.—A celebrated veterinarian writer was once requested to give a professional opinion upon a new purchase from one of the fashionable receptacles, for figure, bone, speed and perfection; when, upon the purchaser's inquiry whether it was not a fine horse, and cheap at forty, the cautious examiner acknowledged that he certainly was, had he possessed the advantage of seeing his way in or out of the stable! "Seeing his way in or out! Why, what the devil do you mean?" "Only that your paragon of perfection is totally blind! Was he warranted sound?" "No, I bought him with all his faults."

* * *

A MAN OF THE WORLD OF OLDEN TIMES.—The definition of a man of the world in the early part of the present century was one who had ruined the woman who loved him, and then abandoned her to shame and penury; one who had shot his man, in what was deemed honourable warfare; one who had imposed upon the trusting confidence of him he denominated his best friend, by ruining his fortune at the gaming-table, then, by way of a finish, eloping with the friend's wife; one who has broken the hearts of his parents, by raising the needful at a premium cent. per cent. upon the ancient estate of his more prudent forefathers, by granting to the money-lending sharks, bonds, and mortgages to be paid at the death of his sire; one who has wasted his inheritance, but who has purchased worldly wisdom; and the simple well-plucked pigeon becomes transmuted, by dire necessity, to procure a livelihood, into a wily, wary rook, thus denominated—a man of the world.

* * *

DAM'ME, GO LEARN TO TALK.—A good one is told on Sam Blakelock, the clever trainer of pugilists. Sam has gone to the States three times. His first visit was in 1887, when he struck Boston. People who know Boston are aware of the fact that its streets are very crooked, and a stranger is pretty sure to get lost in going about. Sam wandered from the place where he was living, and finally wound up on Boston Common in full view of the State House. Noticing six different roads branching from one point, he was lost to know which one he had just traversed. At the best of times Sam will stutter, and when in a quandary he fairly loses control of his speech. He hailed a pedestrian and asked him if he "co-co-co—could—t-t-t-tell him wh-wh." "Oh, dam'me, go learn how to talk, you blarsted idiot," was the response Sam got to his inquiry. This angered Sam, so he wandered about till he happened to meet Patsey Sheppard several hours afterwards. Patsey took Sam to his house, and the next morning he tied a label to Sam's waistcoat giving the name and address of his backer.

* * *

DIDN'T WANT HIS FEET SHAVED.—In 1877 Harry Thatcher, the famous short distance walker, went to America for the purpose of walking Lester C. Dale four miles in New York City. He had with him a man who now gathers news for a London paper. People who are acquainted with the Yankee barber shops are alive to the fact that a man getting shaved can lie back in the chair, and in front is placed a foot-rest to place the feet upon for comfort's sake. Thatcher and his trainer dropped into a shop to get their faces scraped for the first time in New York City. When Thatcher's trainer sat in the chair, he was requested to place his feet upon the foot-rest. "I don't want my blooming feet shaved," he exclaimed. The barber explained matters, but to no avail, the feet had to stay down; he would take no chances, fearing a put-up job to make him the target for a practical joke.

TURF NOTES.

NEWMARKET AND KEMPTON.

The Two and Three Year Olds.

The 4,500 Sovs Stake.

ANTICIPATIONS.

INDICATED FINALS.

The two-year-old form brings out nothing startling in quality, and at present one cannot be considered a champion of his or her age, as the most promising youngsters, after one or two victories, have been cut down by less fancied opponents; Ella Tweed, Kilcock, Pet of the Chase, and McNeil have all tasted defeat, and, on Saturday, La Sagesse at length succumbed to the more lightly-weighted Hopbine; in the same race Whiston, a recent winner, could not get placed. The Royal Two-Year-Old Plate winner, Choice, is entered for classic honours, but there can be little hope for her to remain unbeaten, because, when next they meet, matters will be so well mixed for some of them, that it will be difficult to claim a preference in making a favourite. In the Second Spring Meeting, at Newmarket, to-day (Wednesday), the 4,500 Sovs Stakes should be an easy venture for Ladas. Naturally some speculative punter may be found looking round and trying, if possible, to find something to beat this good colt, but if in this endeavour a second could be secured it would amply repay the finder. Amiable for a situation must not be overlooked or passed by lightly. Matchbox, it is said, is being reserved for the Derby. The race will lose in attraction, as the distance would enable us to determine his stoutness. At a glance, Beightterton's second to Reminder in the Column Produce Stakes does not place him in this class. Hornbeam is another that can hardly be expected to finish in the first flight; but Athlone, Stowmarket, with Priestholm, seem to be among those whose ability will serve to fill the situations, and the task for the Derby favourite to follow in the steps of Isinglass in this race, and place it to his credit, is an odds on chance. If Glare can stay, calculations might be upset; but as a remunerative investment Athlone and Amiable should get the place backer home.

On Thursday, for the Payne Stakes, with Bullingdon likely to be an absentee, the second-class three-year-olds will have a dangerous obstacle removed, who, if present, will simply have the race at his mercy, and a closer contest, should he be missing, will no doubt be witnessed by those assembled on The Heath. The Newmarket Stakes will throw some light on this event, and the running on Wednesday may find the solution; at present Stowmarket with Bolton reads likely, and Bluff also holds a good chance; Wherwell, at his best, certainly is their equal, but his later attempt must be set aside to be made a winner; Court Ball, last year, in his two outings was not within a stone of the necessary calibre to be useful here.

From a moderate lot, The Rays, with his double victory at Pontefract, is outclassed. The Bedford Two-Year-Old Plate, Ella Tweed will have the chance to repair her laurels. Galeottia will, no doubt have a cut in too, and, from the dark division, something useful should be found in Kirkconel and Utica to make it an interesting affair. The programme will be carried on to Kempton on Friday and Saturday, and the National Flying Stakes should attract a speedy field; Marnovia ran well in the City and Suburban, and led for most of that journey; another lady, Minting Queen, looks particularly favoured for this; but all mares about this month are fickle customers, and Soult's light weight, with Gold Reef, may take a lot of beating.

On Saturday, St. David, in the Queen's Prize, has a crusher, but his ability to carry the weight has been demonstrated over this course; but Dornroschen's victory in the Nottingham Handicap makes this appear in the light of a certainty, because The Saint is called upon to give her 2st, and Erin's last display was somewhat disappointing. Tudor has won here, and the distance will be to his liking, being nicely placed in the handicap. Between these I think the verdict will rest.

At Newmarket to-day the undermentioned may have best chances for the following events:—

In the Second Welter,

All Gay,

Paprika and Hawkweed for situations.

The Newmarket Stakes, for final choice,

Ladas,
Athlone,
Amiable.

A Plate of 103 sovs. should be won by

Imprevu,

Alfieri and Street Singer, in a small field, for second and third.

The Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes,

Saintly

may improve, and Taia, with Chat Moss, to follow him home.

In a Maiden Plate,

Sylvanus,

Posperity, and Freak appear the best.

On Thursday, The Flying Handicap Plate,

Profit,

Lady Candahar with Moonflower in the order named.

The Payne Stakes will be the chief attraction, and only in the absence of Bullingdon, can

Stowmarket,
Lelio,
Bluff

represent a winning chance as placed.

The Bedford Two-Year-Old Plate,

Utica,

Ella Tweed, and Galeottia.

At Kempton on Friday, for their respective engagements, I like in the Midweight Handicap, one mile,

Toreador,

or, Queen of the Spring with Sancho Panza.

In the National Flying Stakes I shall depend on

Gold Reef,

with Minting Queen and Soult.

The Welter Handicap Plate,

Eventide,

Liebershede, and Whaddon Chase.

The Sheen Plate should be won by

Rokeby

or Quarry, with Skirt Dance close up.

The Prince of Wales' Plate,

Egyptian,

Trionfi, and La Gloria.

The Hampton Two-Year-Old Plate

Fireworks,

Oxford Belle, and To-morrow.

On Saturday, in the Park Plate,

Lady Candahar,

Goldhackle and Fatherless.

The Queen's Prize will be the principal event of the afternoon, and

St. David,
Tudor,
Dornroschen,

may supply the placings.

The Twickenham Two-Year-Old Maiden Plate,

Robert Dowe,

Telescope and Word of Honour.

The Richmond Plate,

Navarre,

Tableau Vivant and Iddesleigh.

The Regulation Plate,

Ben Gough,

Golden Slipper or Vicuna.

CHALK.

NO USE FOR JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.

An applicant enquired of a merchant for work.

"What can you do?" asked the employer.

"Oh, anything."

"Don't want you," said the employer, and after some additional talk the applicant departed.

Later another came in.

"What can you do?" enquired the employer as before.

"I can't do anything," was the half-ashamed confession.

"That's all right; you go out there, and the foreman will put you at work."

A friend, who had seen the whole performance, was so much interested that he became inquisitive.

"I don't quite understand," he said questioningly, "why you took one and let the other go. That first one seemed to be an intelligent fellow."

"Yes," explained the employer, "but I've got no use for these men who can do anything; they know it all. Possibly the others may not prove to be any better, but when you find a man who can't do anything you do stand some chance of teaching him."

Mrs. Haughtreigh: "Why didn't you stop, sir, when you saw me wave my hand?"

Tram Conductor: "I thought you were throwing me kisses, mum."

SPORTING NOTES.

The final rounds of the East End Syndicate 130 yards handicap were decided at Bow, May 19, with the following results:

180 Yards £30 Handicap (round 2).—Heat 1: J. Arnude, 21½ yards start, 1; W. Patrick, 18¾, 2; J. Mason, 21, 3. Won by ½ yard. Heat 2: H. Moors, 21 yards start, 1; H. Kilbey, 20, 2; W. Maynard, 17, 3. Won by ½ yard. Heat 3: T. Haughty, 19 yards start, 1; H. Wilson, 23, 2; E. Miller, 18½, 3. Won on the post. Heat 4: D. Groom, 21 yards start, 1; A. Barrett, 172, 2; A. Richardson, 20, 3. Won by a yard. Final Heat: J. Haughty, 1; H. Moors, 2; Arnude, 3. Won by 2 yards.

130 Yards Novice Handicap.—Heat 1: H. Gilbert, 20½ yards start, 1. Heat 2: E. Broughton, 20¾ yards start, 1. Heat 3: H. Wilson, 23 yards start, 1. Heat 4: A. Richardson, 20 yards start, 1. Heat 5: A. Buckingham, 26 yards start, 1. Heat 6: G. Wright, 23½ yards start, 1. Heat 7: A. Barrett, 17½ yards start, 1. Heat 8: A. Parker, 20½ yards start, 1. Heat 9: G. Archer, 21¾ yards start, 1. Heat 10: C. Field, 23½ yards start, 1. Final heat: H. Wilson, 1; G. Wright, 2; H. Gilbert, 3. Won easy.

* * *

W. Watts and E. Melville met at St. George's Baths, May 19, to decide a plunging match, being somewhat of a novelty in the way of match-making, for a prize value £5. Two plunges were allowed, and Melville at his first attempt covered 46ft 2in, and at his second 43ft 1in. Watts in his first plunge covered 48ft 2in, and therefore won by 2ft.

* * *

The Thespian and Remington base ball teams played a game at the London Base-ball Park, May 19. The Thespians won the toss, and went to the bat first, J. McNaughton going in and making a run. Montrose tried next, and was caught on third base, Marco following, and being caught on first base. Sexton, Cline, and Saxby, for the Remingtons, next batted, and made one run each, Rose being caught on fly by Knowles. Jenkinson next went in, and made a run, Saxby being caught by Knowles. Corbett made a run, bringing the total for the first innings up to five runs, Remingtons leading by four runs. On the Thespians going in again, Starkweather took the bat, and was caught by the catcher, whereupon Athol went in, and made a home run, Hurley, McNaughton, Montrose, Marco, Haltir, and Booker making one each. An exciting game resulted in a win for the Thespians by twenty-eight runs to twenty-five.

* * *

At Derby, May 19, the Derby and Newcastle mines contested a game. The visitors batted first, but failed to score, while the locals on going in ran up nine runs in capital style. One only was the result of Newcastle's second venture, whilst Derby responded with a beautifully compiled thirteen. After this the visitors improved in form, and fielded very much better than they did during the first two innings; still they were a long way behind the home team, who ran up sixteen in successive attempts, while Newcastle in five innings could only make eleven. At the end of seven innings the game was called, when the score read: Derby, 44; Newcastle, 11.

* * *

The eighteenth annual sports of the Civil Service Supply Association Cricket and Athletic Club were held on May 19, at Herne Hill. It was a somewhat cold afternoon, but 3,000 people attended. The following are the results of the events:

Mile Bicycle Handicap.—E. P. George, Amia C.C., 125 yards start, 1; R. L. Head, Putney A.C., 90, 2; R. Palmer, Clapham C.C., 45, 3. Won by a length; half a length between second and third. Time, 2min. 14 1-5 sec.

Half-Mile Bicycle Handicap.—J. Platte-Betts, South Roads, 15 yards start, 1; H. B. Hock, Silverdale C. C., 20, 2; F. W. Weatherley, Argus B.C., 20, 3. Won by two lengths; half a length between second and third. Time 1min 3sec.

Mile Handicap.—H. E. East, De Laine T.H., 165 yards start, 1; C. H. Woolnough, Highgate H., 140, 2; Sivell, Walworth H., 190, 3. Won by ten yards; four between second and third. Time, 4min 19 4-5sec.

* * *

Lord Dunraven has written to Mr. Maitland Kersey agreeing to a match between the *Valkyrie* and the *Vigilant*, the winner to gain two out of three races. The course will be the same as the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Channel course. This arrangement is acceptable to Messrs. George and Howard Gould. Mr. Kersey then, at the request of Messrs. Gould, asked Lord Dunraven to arrange, if possible, a match for the *Vigilant* with the *Britannia* and *Satanita*, but no answer has yet been received. Mr. Kersey has arranged for the *Vigilant* to enter for the Queen's Cup of the Royal Dorset Yacht Club.

Clara: "Can't you come around to see me to-morrow night, dear?"

Maude: "Is it anything important?"

Clara: "Oh, yes. Your fiancé is to be here."

"HIPPY" HORNER.

A Clever Birmingham Pugilist and Publican.

(With Portrait.)

In the Midland district no lad at 8st 8lb was ever more thought of than "Hippy" Horner. He fought several battles here and in the States, and in all he made a good record for himself. He has retired from the ring, and at present figures as a publican at Birmingham, where he has a host of admirers.

DISLIKED PROPERTY OWNERS.

M. Blanc, a manufacturer, was walking down one of the streets of Marseilles May 19, when he was savagely attacked and nearly killed by an Anarchist, who struck him in the forehead with a sharp instrument. His assailant would have been lynched by the crowd if the police had not interfered. Conducted afterwards to M. Blanc's house, the ruffian, when asked by the wounded man what harm he had done him, coolly replied, "If it had not been you it would have been another. I had no personal grudge against you, but I hate the bourgeoisie, which holds all the property, and which those who are dying of hunger want to bring to its knees before them." The prisoner—an old offender—had previously been to the Mairie to solicit assistance, and had been told to return on Tuesday. He was angry at the delay, and attacked the first well-dressed person he met, who happened to be M. Blanc. The man is well known as a frequenter of Revolutionary meetings. He had written ditties in honour of Ravachol, Vaillant, and Henry.

ARRANGED THE DIFFICULTY.

Young Wife (in tears): Oh, Gerald! What do you think? The canary has gone to laying eggs!

Unfeeling Husband: I don't see anything heartbreaking in that, Elsie. It's a perfectly proper thing for a canary to do.

Young Wife: Yes, but I've always called it Ben.

Unfeeling Husband: Well, you can call it Ben Hur now.

GOOD FOR INSOMNIA.

"You say," said the young author, "that poetry is a drug on the market?"

"I do," replied the editor, "but don't let that worry you; it's a sure cure for insomnia."

THE SPORTING editors of The Mirror of Life know what they say, and ain't afraid to say what they know. Buy next week's paper and judge for yourself.

ONLY TWO PENCE. The Mirror of Life gives you double for your money what any other illustrated sporting paper in Great Britain does. Buy next week's and compare it with other papers.

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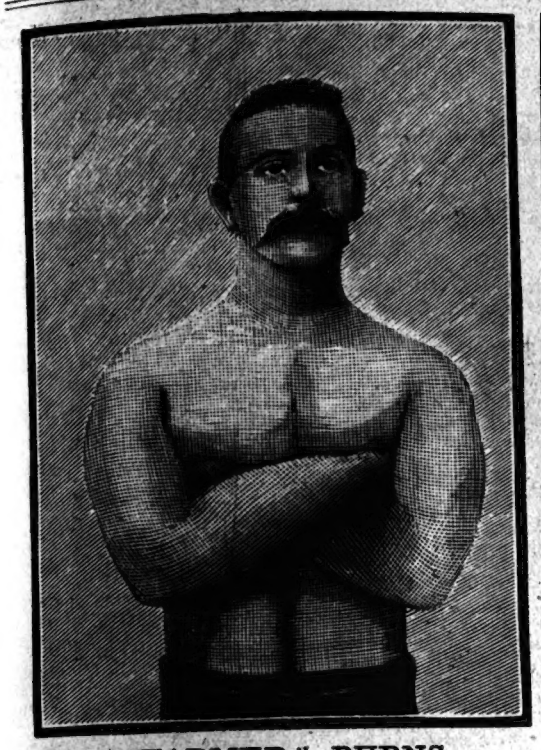
YOU WILL MISS a good thing if you don't read The Mirror of Life every week.

WHERE WAS SWEETHEART TO-DAY?

No. 1. Where he said he was. 2. Where he could have been. 3. Where he really was.
4. Where he might have been. 5. Results of a Holiday.

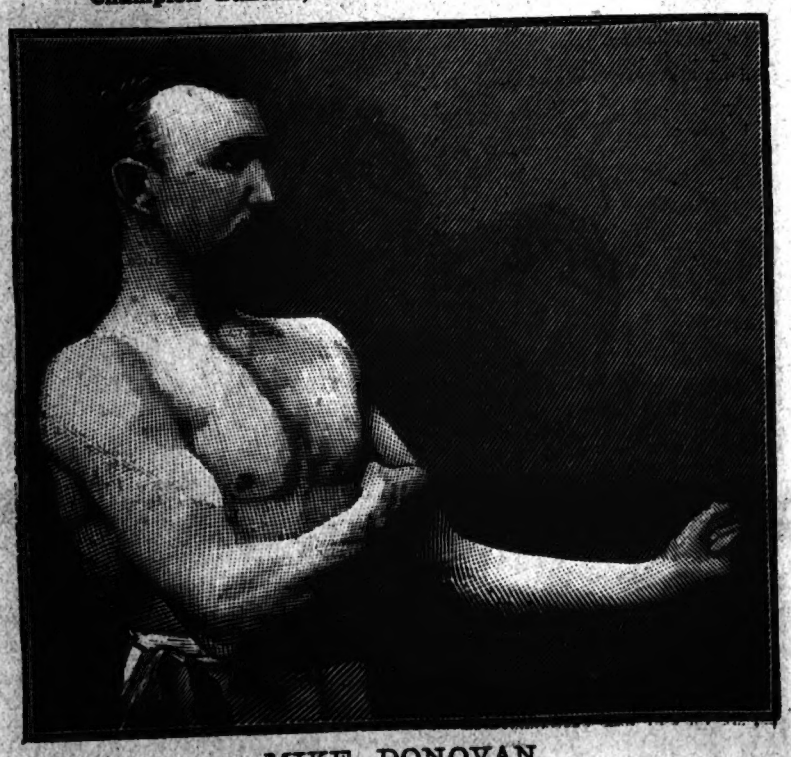


"FARMER" BURNS.
An Illinois Wrestler who Challenges the World at Lancashire Style.

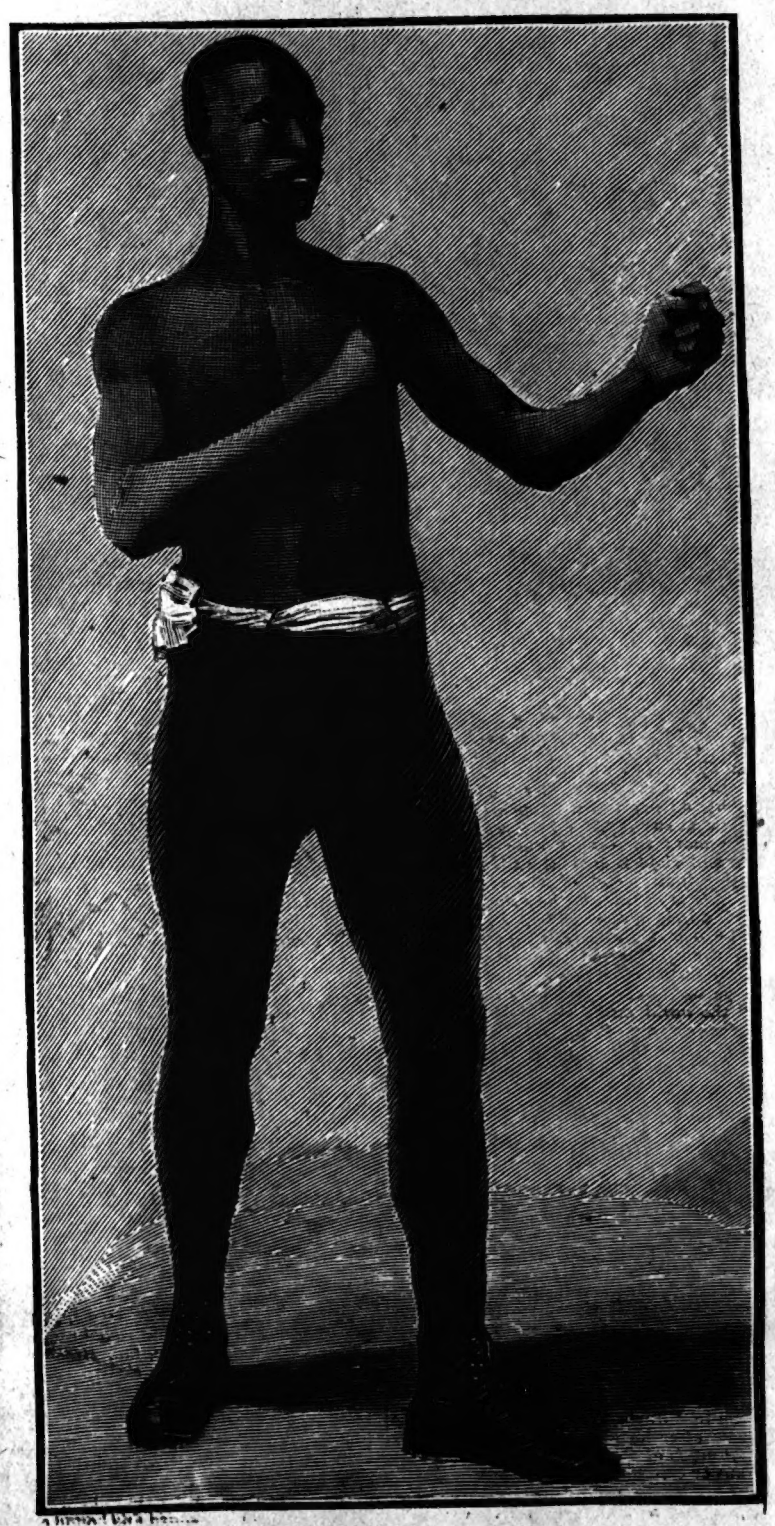
JACK HUNT.
A Popular Birmingham Sportsman and Publican.

HARRY STIRLING.
The Hustling Manager of the Hamilton Diorama and Variety Combination.

ALF. GOWER.
Champion Bantam, who seeks a Match at 7st 12lb.



MIKE DONOVAN.
Ex-Middle-Weight Pugilist, Instructor to the New York Athletic Club.



FRANK CRAIG.
The Coffee Cooler, who Contemplates Visiting England.

AROUND THE RING.

Our Champions.

Good Little 'Uns.

Big 'Uns Scarce.

"Parson" Davies Clarney.

Does Jackson Seek a Forfeit?

Matches to Come.

THE question now arises, what part of the kingdom will supply us with a real heavy-weight champion, and how soon will it come to pass? How sadly we are in need of a good big 'un! We have the proper material—in fact, the best stock on the face of the earth—but what town will develop him? Since the days of Sayers and Mace we have not had a really first-class fighting-man. Both Sayers and Mace could fight at our middle-weight limit, and still they barred neither size nor colour. Heenan was a giant as compared to Sayers, and had not the latter injured his arm, he would certainly have sent the Benecia Boy back home so thoroughly beaten that Heenan would never have graced a prize-ring again.

* * *

THE fighters of half a century ago never cried for a purse, neither did they talk fabulous stake-money, and the less newspaper notoriety they received the better pleased they were. They decided their matches in the open, and it required considerable courage for them to enter the ring, too. When the fight was over, the losing man was well whipped, whilst the winner was in luck if he could move about for a day or two. Take the present generation, and they must put big pillows on their hands, and if one man is getting it a little too strong he will drop his guard, accept a stiff punch, and then feign insensibility. His share of the spoils will amount to more than a winner would receive fifty years ago. They say that history generally repeats itself. Well, we should hardly care to have a recurrence of the fights of other days because they bordered upon barbarity, but we should be pleased to have history repeat itself, and know that the pugilist of the future would battle as much for the honour as the money at stake.

* * *

THE recognised championship stake for England was £200 a side, and though many battles were decided for bigger money, the majority of the championship fights during the ninteenth century were for that sum. Tom Sayers never fought for more than that amount, excepting when he laid Bob Brettle £400 to £200, but the winning end of the stake was the customary sum. Corbett and Jackson can get £3,000 for a purse, and, with the £4,000 stake money, would mean £7,000 to the winner of a fight with gloves. Only think of it, two men afforded an opportunity of deciding the championship of the world and the ownership of £7,000, before a party of English gentlemen, with soft gloves and all modern conveniences, and still they hesitate to accept the offer. What is fighting coming to at the rate the men are going? If it continues, a few years hence we shall hear of men battling for as much as £20,000. It is talked of now, because Corbett wants Jackson to fight him for £10,000 a-side in private, and forego a purse.

* * *

ONE thing certain, pugilists as actors will never be successful in this country. The British public are too exacting to stand that; if they attend the theatre they want to see an actor who is an actor, and the same when they set out to witness a fight. Every man to his own trade, and no one can be too proficient at the profession he adopts to suit us. Peter Jackson is expected here shortly to portray the character of Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We shall know after he appears on the scene just how much of the actor-pugilist the public want or care for.

* * *

ONE of the best pugilists that ever pulled a shirt off his back was Johnny Broome, otherwise known as Young Ducrow, and fifty-two years ago no man of his weight—10st—had a licence to enter the ring with him. In a fight he was a veritable demon, and during his career didn't know of such a word as defeat. He was a Brum, and possessed every instinct requisite for a first-class fighting man.

Johnny Broome.

Johnny Broome, familiarly known as Young Ducrow, was born at Birmingham, March 14, 1818, and fought, when in condition, at 10st. He beat Charles Spilsbury, £20, thirty rounds, 63min, at Sutton Coldfield, January 26, 1835; beat Gallett, alias Owen, nine rounds, 35min, February 5, 1838; beat Charley Jones, £100, thirty-one rounds, 36min, Woore, near Newcastle, May 21, 1839; beat McGinty, £60, seventy rounds, 2h 3min, near Glasgow, July 1, 1840; beat Joe Bostock, £100, twenty-nine rounds, 47min, Early, Warwickshire, October 6, 1840; beat Jack Hannan, £1,000, forty-seven rounds, 1h 19min, New Park Farm, Oxfordshire, January 26, 1841; beat Bungaree, £600, forty-two rounds, 57min, Mildenhall, near Newmarket, April 27, 1842. Previous to these Broome fought Jack Hunt 3hrs 40min, to a draw for a purse; beat Tom Ellis, £10, six rounds, 30min, near Birmingham; beat Bill Howell, Welsh Champion, £10, nine rounds, 1hr 15min, Ailesbury Common, Worcestershire.

Broome had a golden belt presented to him at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, January 27, 1842, and retired from the ring. He came to his death by cutting his throat at the Wrekin, Broadcourt, May 31, 1855, being but thirty-seven years of age.

* * *

WE had another Broome who held the championship in the heavy-weight class in 1851, but he was in no way related to Young Ducrow. He fought best at 12st and had his career brought to a close when Tom Paddock gave him a "whacking" in 1856.

Harry Broome.

HARRY BROOME was born in 1826, and, when seventeen years of age, entered the lists for honours in the squared circle. He beat Mason, the bull-dog, £100, thirty-nine rounds, 1h 21min, near Northfleet, October 11, 1843; fought Joe Rowe, £100, eighty-one rounds, 1½h, Greenhithe, Kent, December 10, 1844. It terminated in a great disturbance, ring broken in by the "unwashed," and postponement found necessary. Beat Rowe, £100, twenty-seven rounds, 57min, Ensham Common, near Oxford, May 13, 1845; fought Ben Terry, forty-nine rounds, 65min, near Shrivenham, Berks, February 3, 1846. A claim of foul in the last round caused the fight to be broken up, and Broome was given £5 to draw the stakes. Beat Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, £400 and the championship, fifteen rounds, 33min (foul blow), Mildenhall, September 29, 1851; beat Harry Orme, £500, thirty-one rounds, 2h 18min, near Brandon, April 18, 1853; forfeited £25 to Perry, August, 1853; forfeited £180 to Tom Paddock, February 20, 1855, being apprehended and bound over at the instance of one of his backers; forfeited £10 to Paddock, and in a third match Paddock beat him in fifty-one rounds, 63min, for £400, near Bentley, Suffolk, May 19, 1856.

OUR stock of little men is exceedingly good and improving every day. Next autumn we shall more than hold our own against the men of other countries at all weights below 10st. Bob Fitzsimmons, the Middle-weight Champion, was born here, and always acknowledged the Union Jack as the flag he fought under, but a long residence in Australia and several years in Yankeeland makes us feel as though he is not a thorough Englishman. We could claim all the Australian pugilists as our people, Jackson included; but as the Colonials invariably boast of Australia as their country, we are only satisfied to recognise residents of this country as British representatives. We are in want of a first-class middle-weight and a heavy-weight to cope with those in the States, and the only sure way to unearth champions in those divisions is to offer suitable purses and hold out encouragement for men to develop. Jem Smith was lauded up as a champion, but at no stage of the game did he ever display the ability requisite to entitle him to that honour, and when he met a fairly good man he was but a mere chopping block in the ring, and filled the position of a bull being dragged into a slaughter house. The mob saved him in his match with Jake Kilrain, likewise his battle with Paddy Slavin, but Peter Jackson served him up his gruel so quick that he didn't have time to decide where he really was.

* * *

OUR latest advices from the States is to the effect that Peter Jackson is undecided as to when he will come to this country. It is currently reported in New York City that "Parson" Davies, manager of Jackson, will remain in the States until the time limit of the articles lapses, and claim a forfeit on behalf of the black man.

Al Smith, one of Corbett's backers, met Davies in New York the other day, and immediately took the "Parson" to task for going about the country declaring that Jackson would come here and chase Corbett out of England.

"Jackson has never said anything of the kind," remarked Davies.

"Well, it has so appeared in many newspapers," put in Smith, "and all of the reporters couldn't have been wrong. He won't have to chase Corbett. You jump on a boat with Jackson, and I'll guarantee you'll get a fight in England."

"But that will interfere with our plans, perhaps," said the evasive "Parson," smillingly. "Peter wants to go to San Francisco, but he will turn back if anything comes up. We have signed articles to fight in this country for the best purse offered by a Northern club. Already 14,000dols. of the 20,000dols stakes are in the hands of the stakeholder.

"The match is already made, and we shall keep you guessing as to our intentions for a few days. As soon as it is decided where the forfeit comes in on the stake money we shall have a word to say. Perhaps we shall not sail for Europe until after the original date agreed upon for the fight."

"Laying for a forfeit, eh?" asked Corbett's representative.

"Not particularly," replied Davies; "but business is business."

* * *

THERE is no way possible for Jackson to secure a forfeit in the match because the articles signed are so loosely constructed, and, again, they expressly state that some northern club must guarantee a purse satisfactory to both men. No purse has been offered with a guarantee that the match can be brought to a successful termination, consequently when the time limit expires each party will draw down the the stake-money posted.

* * *

JACKSON wants to fight, but whether Davies wants Jackson to do battle with Corbett is an entirely different affair. If his ideas are in harmony with those of the black man, then he should board the first steamer for this country and see Corbett personally. There is no place outside England where the men can meet without fear of magisterial interference; therefore it is Jackson's duty to come to the place where he can do business. A purse of £3,000 is not an everyday offer, and if they don't avail themselves of the proposition, it is doubtful if so much money will be "hung up" for two fighters for some years to come.

* * *

A BOSTON, U.S.A., correspondent writes: "Many sportsmen are inclined to believe that the battle for the world's championship between James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson will never take place. They base their opinion on the dilatory tactics and the evasiveness which Corbett exhibits. It seems odd to them that Corbett should post money which was promptly covered for a fight with Jackson in June, and then peremptorily decline to meet the big Australian until September. It is also regarded as singular that Corbett, on the eve of sailing for England, should proclaim that he will fight nowhere except in America. They look upon his declaration that he will not battle Jackson at the National Sporting Club in London, unless the club engages that the contest may go to a finish and beyond the customary limit of twenty rounds, as evidence of the Californian's lack of relish for another meeting with the Black Achilles in the magic circle. It is admitted that no Northern club can pull off the contest, even if the two men come to an agreement on the terms and time, and it is well understood that Jackson, by reason of the prejudices existing against a black man's fighting a white one in a Southern State, will not fight below Mason and Dixon's line. It is agreed that Corbett cannot afford to evade an encounter with the only foeman in the ring who is a menace to his fistic supremacy. The American cannot be blamed, of course, for preferring to do battle in his own country if possible, but with Jackson as his opponent, how is he to do so? England seems to afford the only feasible arena where boxing is permitted within club confines, and where a suitable purse can be obtained. The patrons of the sport over there are the ruling powers, social and political, and the local authorities do not care to interfere with their pleasures as long as they are enjoyed behind club doors and not in public."

* * *

PETER JACKSON found his long lost brother James in Boston recently. James Jackson is a porter, working in Boston, and through telling George Godfrey, a local coloured heavy-weight, of his early career, Godfrey brought about a meeting in which the brothers felt highly gratified, and spoke of their parents, both of whom are now dead.

* * *

MICK DUNN, the Australian 10st 10lb pugilist, is telling the Yankees that there is no money for a pugilist in England. Dunn is right and again he is in error. There is no money here for a fourth rate pugilist, because we are now overrun with public-house scrappers, but a good man can come here and do well providing he can do 11st or under. Any 8st or 9st man can get as much, if not more, fighting right here than in any other country, and liberal money will be given, too, for purses. Besides, there would be the stake money and outside wagers, which would run up to a handsome sum.

* * *

LACHIE THOMSON, of Glasgow, scored a win over Patsey Donovan at Johannesburg, South Africa, recently. According to the conditions, Thomson was to stop Donovan in ten rounds or be declared loser. Donovan acted on the defensive. Once or twice he countered his opponent with the left, but there was little steam in his blows. Thomson tried left "hooks" principally; sometimes he led a few consecutive times with a straight left, putting no force in the blows, only trying to get an opening for his right; then he would suddenly send in the latter arm with all his force; but Patsy missed these well-meant visitations, ducking each time. A left "hook" at length found its way on the side of Patsy's head, and down he came. Up he got again, when, after a little more sparring, in again the same blow came, and Donovan fell. Not getting up in the stipulated ten seconds, Thomson was given the battle.

* * *

JEM MACK defeated G. Greest in eight rounds at the Bermondsey School of Arms, May 12. In a six round bout Harry Lane disposed of Fred Croot.

* * *

Two eight round bouts were decided at the Lambeth School of Arms, May 12. Soldier Murray showed his superiority over Bob Healey, and C. Glover was not good enough to hold his own with Alf Johnson.

* * *

W. ROSE stopped G. Bartlett in the fourth round of a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, May 12, for a purse.

* * *

A MATCH has finally been arranged between George Dixon and Walter Edgerton, the Kentucky Rosebud, to fight with small gloves to a finish, at 8st 8lb, at a time and place to be mutually agreed upon, for 2,000 dollars a-side. Each man has posted 1000 dollars at Philadelphia recently to bind the match.

* * *

AN 8st 6lb novices' competition will be decided at the National Sporting Club, May 28.

* * *

THE *Sussex Evening News*, of Brighton, says:—"We have received from the office of THE MIRROR OF LIFE (108, Fleet Street, E.C.) a ninety-six page shilling pamphlet, entitled "The Life and Battles of James John Corbett, Champion Pugilist of the World." What we chiefly like about the compilation is that there is nothing fulsome in it; it has a certain downright simplicity, just giving credit where credit is due, that contrasts very favourably with the pompous brag which too often marks this kind of writing. We are not going to enumerate the battles—the booklet will itself do that—or tell how Choynski, Jake Kilrain, McCaffrey, J. L. Sullivan, or Mitchell fell before him. But we will say that we are glad to note the tribute to the gentleness and gentlemanliness of the man in private life, and to mark the evidence it gives of Corbett's constant desire to be fair and square. If we have objection to make it is that we would rather see a sterner measure of justice meted out to Charlie Mitchell, and a rather more

generous spirit shown towards Peter Jackson. The illustrations are very numerous, and distinctly good."

* * *

The importation of a few little men would place our division of little 'uns in clover, from Dick Burge down to Pedlar Palmer. We could furnish a tip-top lad at almost any weight, and he would be well-backed, too.

* * *

Sam Blakelock has an exalted opinion of Dick Burge, whom he declares to be the best man England has ever produced at his weight. "He can do 9st 10lb," said Sam the other day, "and at that weight no man alive would stand any chance with him. I know of no 10st fighter who could whip Burge, because he is such a good ring general and so wonderfully clever that Burge would be the only one landing any effective blows in the fight. I've boxed with him times without number, and he appears to get cleverer every day."

* * *

What promises to be one of the most interesting meetings of the National Sporting Club will be Monday, June 4. Two twenty-round contests are to be brought to a decision, besides several exhibition bouts. On that night Willie Smith, the 8st 2lb champion, will do battle with Johnny Ryan, of St. Helens, the champion bantamweight of Lancashire. Martin Denny and Bill Eyles will decide their contest that night, and a considerable amount of money will probably be wagered on the result. Eyles is well supported by the London sportamen, whilst Denny is well thought of in Lancashire, where he has made headquarters since coming here from Australia.

* * *

Jem Haines, coloured pugilist, died in the Middlesex Hospital, Tottenham Court Road, on May 16, after a lingering and painful illness. Deceased was in the hospital eleven weeks, and underwent several operations for cancer. Haines's remains are now lying at 22, Greasey Street, Tottenham Court Road, where any of his old friends can call. The interment will take place on Tuesday next at Kensal Green at three o'clock. Haines won several boxing matches and competitions, and beat Alf. Bowman in the final of a catch-weight competition at Her Majesty's Theatre. The last man he boxed with was Jem Hall, the Australian, at the Novelty Theatre.

* * *

The friends of Arthur Valentine believe him to be invincible at 9st 6lb, and will match their favourite against any man in the world at even weight for any amount of money. He is a very much improved man, and should Stanton Abbott return to this country an offer will be made to match Valentine against Abbott for a battle of twenty rounds or to a finish.

* * *

During a public boxing contest at Aberdare on May 17, one of the men, named David Rees, was knocked over the ropes and instantly killed from fracture of the skull. The men fought with 5oz gloves. His opponent, Thomas Robert Edwards, collier, Patsy Perkins, the keeper of the boxing saloon, Henry Rees, the brother of the dead man, and fifteen other men were arrested.

HACKNEY GUARDIANS MEETING.

The alleged cruelty scandals at Brentwood Schools are not yet cleared up. The committee is diligently taking evidence of present and past inmates, but when Mr. Young at the Hackney Guardians meeting May 16, asked whether the committee could reassure the Board as to the report of alleged cruelties by other officials besides Nurse Gillespie, Rev. T. E. Howlett, chairman of the committee, said he did not believe in interim reports, and had nothing to say on the subject. The Local Government Board have not yet given their answer to the request for an inquiry, and Nurse Gillespie has not been arrested. She had, as Mr. E. Jones suggested, left no address. Mr. Beurle was distinctly of opinion that if she had been a dynamitard or an anarchist she would have been taken within a few hours. Then came a motion by Mr. Young to offer a £5 reward for the nurse's arrest. It was opposed by Mr. Grimwade on the ground that the school committee allowed the woman to go, that she had no money except the salary she received at the time, and that when that was expended no doubt she would be caught without the board losing its head on the subject. Mr. Young did not believe she was so destitute. He understood that she had a considerable sum of money. Did Mr. Young suggest that the police were keeping Gillespie in the background, waiting for a reward? Mr. Bragg wanted to know. No, said Mr. Young, but it was a great shame she should be at large so long. The motion for a reward only found three supporters, and was lost. Mr. Layland said he had been told by two of the female officials that the woman was nothing more nor less than a lunatic.

SEEN AND HEARD.

Two Englishmen, named W. M. Rogers and W. Macdonald, who were prospecting for silver, met with a terrible fate whilst crossing the desert in Arizona on foot. They perished from thirst.

* * *

At Bolton, May 16, three Bolton publicans were fined £25 each. The evidence showed that they had allowed extensive betting transactions on their premises, although the betting was principally done by workmen. Thirty-five men who were on their premises when the police raided them were in most cases let off with the payment of costs.

* * *

Telegrams from San Antonio, Texas, report the sudden death of Mr. James Parkinson Taylor, solicitor, of London, while *en route* to San Francisco for the benefit of his health. The deceased (who resided in Great James Street, Bedford row), shortly before reaching San Antonio, became suddenly ill, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the attendants, expired.

* * *

What is described as a "new aid to civilisation" has just been tried in the prison Bavasch. It is a flogging machine, and it has been experimentally tried in the presence of all the convicts in the gaol. The apparatus is said to have worked admirably from the official point of view, in fact the effects are reported to have been so terrible that some of the onlookers, convicts, and others fainted at the sight.

* * *

Matters matrimonial are not in a pleasant condition in several homesteads in the South-Western London Police Court district. Several wives appeared before the magistrate to lodge complaints against their worse halves. One had been deserted, another had been threatened, and in a third case the lady had been locked out of the house. A few summonses were granted.

* * *

Two drunken soldiers belonging to the Marine Infantry were passing along a Paris street on May 15, and one of them attempted to kiss a woman who was seated outside her shop door. The woman called her husband, who was in the shop, and as he ran out the soldier drew his bayonet and stabbed him in the chest. The man was carried to a chemist's shop, where he died in a few minutes. The soldiers were seized by the bystanders and handed over to the police.

* * *

A singular act of revenge has been attempted by a miner of Bethune, nineteen years of age, named Grigne. He fell in love with a widow named Dufor, who was old enough to be his mother. But she preferred to marry another. After the wedding Grigne placed two dynamite cartridges and detonators in the outhouse of their residence with the idea that they would both be blown up. Fortunately the act was discovered in time, and Grigne was marched off to prison.

* * *

The walking match from Berlin to Friedrichsruh this year has been won by the so-called meat-eater, the tradesman Fritz Maag, who reached the goal in the best condition, having accomplished the distance, 270 kilometres, in 46 hours 53 min, exclusive of twelve hours' rest. The second competitor to arrive was a man named Sebastian. The expectations entertained that the prize would be secured by the winner of last year's match, the vegetarian printer, Peitz, of Fisher, have thus not been realised.

* * *

A shocking suicide was discovered at Newport on May 18, says a Dundee correspondent. The driver of an early train observed the remains of a man, who was afterwards identified as Charles Clark, 53, lying on the track near the station. The circumstances surrounding the fatality are extremely painful. Clark was a publican in Newport, and some time ago his wife left him, leaving four young children. Subsequently his licence was withdrawn, and latterly he had been out of business. It is supposed he laid his head on the rails before an approaching train. He was frightfully mangled.

A coloured man, named Henry Scott, was arrested on May 17 at Jefferson, Texas, on a charge of having murdered his stepdaughter, a little girl six years of age. When brought before the magistrate the case was remanded, and Scott was removed in the custody of the deputy-sheriffs. On the way to the gaol the prisoner was seized by an enraged mob of a hundred negroes, who dragged him across a swamp and hanged from a tree. The man before his death admitted having committed the crime, and said his reason for killing the child was that she was the cause of quarrels between him and his wife.

* * *

Intelligence reached the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle at Cowes, May 16, that the *Valkyrie* cutter, formerly belonging to Lord Dunraven and sold by him to an Italian gentleman, has foundered off the coast of Africa with the loss of all hands. The *Valkyrie*, after which the yacht which went to America to sail against the *Vigilant* last year was named, was well known on the South coast yachting stations, and the report of the catastrophe has occasioned very deep and sincere regret. She has been sailing against the Prince of Wales' *Britannia* in several recent Mediterranean regattas.

* * *

At Chester, May 17, Susannah Whalley, 23, of Highland Green Hotel, Crewe, obtained a verdict for £500 damages for breach of promise against William John Ellis, formerly employed at Crewe ironworks. The plaintiff said the defendant had kept company with her for seven years, and had seduced her under promise of marriage, and ultimately deserted her without excuse. She also alleged that he had retired on his savings and property. The defendant admitted the breach of promise, but said his position had been greatly overstated. He had very little money now in the bank, and had been earning nothing for some time.

COMMON GOSSIP.

The Cardiff police made a raid upon the premises of a firm, on May 18, and arrested a bookmaker and another man, about £60 being seized. Altogether the police made ten arrests.

* * *

During a bull fight at Avignon on May 15, a Spanish toreador, Antonio Alvarez, aged twenty-three years, was gored by one of the animals in the arena as he was jumping over the barrier in order to escape from the fury of the beast. The horns of the bull perforated the thigh and lower part of the toreador's body, and Alvarez died after three hours of excruciating suffering.

* * *

At Edinburgh Court of Sessions proof was fixed for May 30 in an action for divorce at the instance of J. Robert Grant, of Glenmoriston, Inverness, against his wife, lately living at Glenmoriston, and now at the Hotel d'Albe, Paris, and also against Viscount Baring, of 4, Hamilton Place, London, at present living at the Hotel D'Albe, Paris. The case is undefended.

* * *

As Sergeant Saunders, of Lewisham, strolled around the other night in Lewisham he saw a person in corduroy unmentionables, an old grey jacket, and minus a hat. The person sang an Irish song, and a large crowd enjoyed it. Quoth the sergeant: "What do you mean?" and replied the person: "We are only having a lark. The clothes belong to my old man." For the vocalist was a young married woman named Harriet Robinson. Mrs. Robinson was at the Westminster Court May 15, where Mrs. Scanlan appeared and explained that the masquerade was "a bit of joviality." But the unsympathetic magistrate fined the female troubadour 5s.

* * *

A remarkable instance of superstition has just been revealed at Chorley Police-court, Lancashire. A young man named Thomas Barnes was charged with assaulting Frances Evans Mitchell, a dressmaker. Barnes had been paying his attentions to the young lady, but for some months had been in ill-health. On this account he recently consulted some gipsies. Following the advice given, he, when walking out with the girl, took out a needle, pricked her several times to draw blood, and then hit her in the face. He was under the belief that he was pining away, and that there was buried about her house something which attracted him and caused him to be uneasy in his mind, and that the only way to remedy the evil which afflicted him was to draw blood from the lady of his heart. The defendant was bound over in a sum of £100 to keep the peace for twelve months.

* * *

Henry Cronin, a bricklayer, who is too strong to work, stood in Battersea Park Road with a card round his neck intimating to the benevolent that he was deaf and dumb. Sarah Sweeney, a tailoress, was moved to compassion by his forlorn appearance, and dropped a penny into his hand. Instead of giving her a look of gratitude, as any really afflicted one would have done, the "Dumb Man of Battersea" said, without a stutter, "You air a stingy passon to give a pore dumb man on'y a penny! Give us another one; or I'll 'it ye in the eye." The lady was not only astonished at his volubility, but frightened at his audacity, and refused to give him anything more. Cronin at once carried out his threat of hitting her in the eye. He then ran away, but was soon captured and handed over to the police, who brought him before Mr. Denman at the South-Western Police-court, where he again impudently pretended to be deaf and dumb. But he heard the sentence well enough, for when the magistrate said, "You will have to go to prison for three months with hard labour," his face lengthened three inches, and he groaned "Oo-oo!"

* * *

"Me steal a sov'ring," cried Henry Amos, horsekeeper, to Constable Tritton, at Lea Bridge Corner, who accused him of appropriating a sovereign belonging to Annie Campbell, teacher, Ampthill Square. "Do I look like a man as would do such a mean haction? Air my 'ands clean?" As he spoke he stretched out a pair of hands which were decidedly dirty, and the constable candidly told him so, much to Amos's chagrin. Another man named Frederick Burgess, of Walthamstow, was also implicated in the theft, and as a matter of fact the missing sovereign was found in his coat pocket. It appeared that the lady dropped the coin when leaving a tramcar at Lea Bridge Corner, and Amos at once picked it up, handing it over to his friend Burgess with the remark, "You have the sov'ring, stick to it. They can't swear to money. What you 'ave is your own, whether it belongs to anybody else or not." "That," remarked Mr. Lane, Q.C., who heard the case, "that is a very socialistic doctrine." "Yes, sir," replied the constable, "it's the thieves' motto." "Would you like to be dealt with here," said the magistrate to the accused, "or would you prefer going for trial?" "Oh, deal with us here, if you please, sir," cried Amost and Burgess together. "Very well," replied Mr. Lane, "twenty-one day's hard labour each." Two more Socialists gone wrong.

FRANK CRAIG.

The Coffee Cooler, who Contemplates Visiting England.

(With Portrait.)

Frank Craig, the coffee cooler, contemplates coming to this country in July, when he will challenge any middle-weight in Great Britain to a match for a suitable stake and purse. Craig, for several years, has been sort of a trial horse for pugilists visiting New York City, and the remarkably good showing he has made has created for him many friends who are prepared to match the cooler against any middle-weight in the world.

CURTAIN ROSE TOO SOON.

An Amusing Episode at a Prominent Theatre.

(Subject of Illustration.)

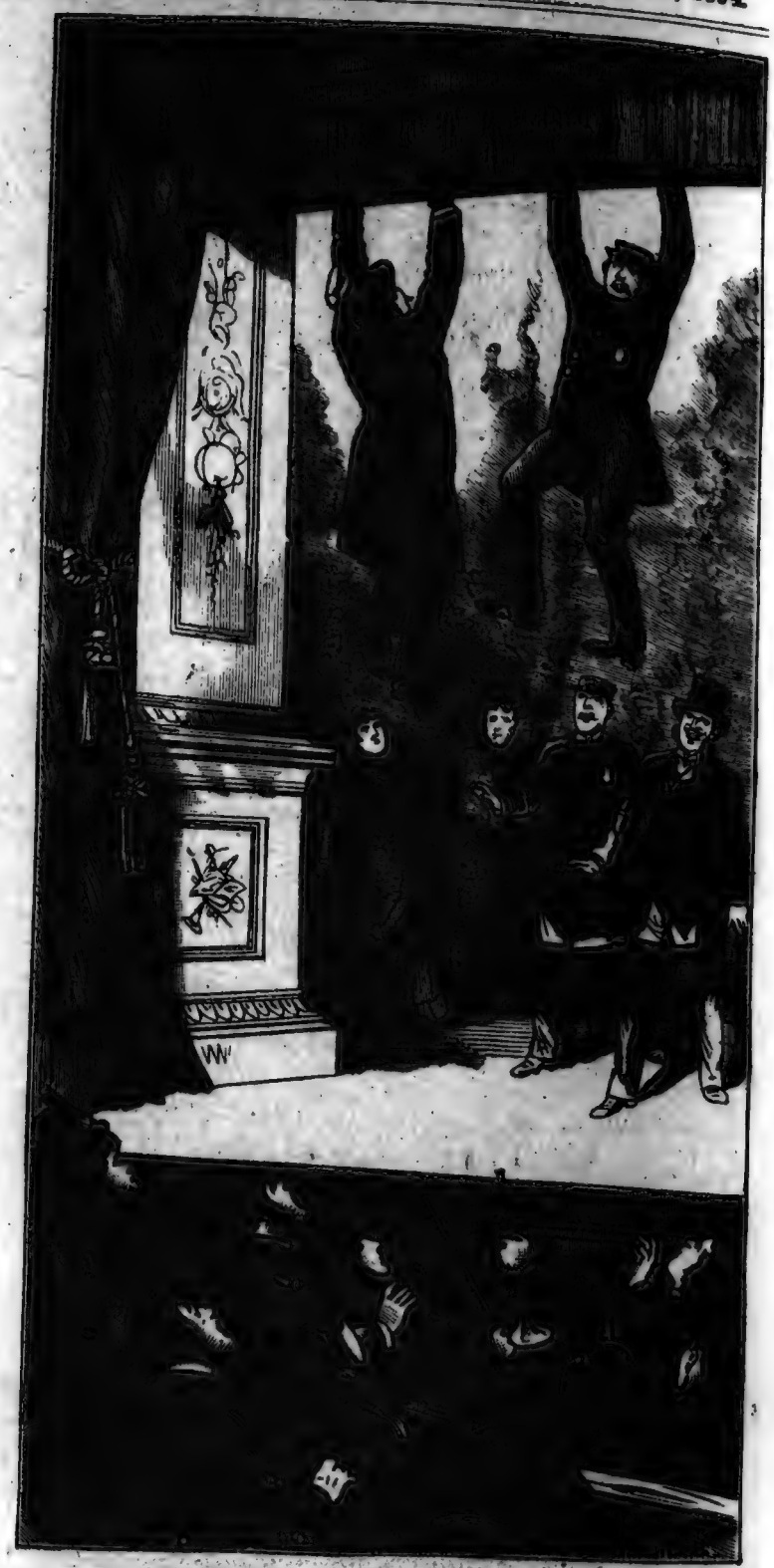
Whilst preparing the stage settings at a well-known theatre recently, during an overture of the orchestra, the curtain was rolled up and those upon the stage were placed in full view of the audience. A stage hand and one of the managers tried to detain the curtain in its progress, and were lifted a dozen feet from the level of the footlights. The curtain was finally let down considerably to the amusement of the audience.

CARRIED A RAZOR.

Arthur Ernest Chapman, a compositor's apprentice, of 520, Harrow Road, was summoned at Harlesden, on May 17, for having assaulted his wife, Lily Chapman, of 6, Earlsmead Road, Kensal Rise. Complainant, a "fashionably" dressed young woman, said she worked the other day in her mother's laundry from half-past eight a.m. till half-past eleven p.m. When she got home she found her husband had his dog on the bed, and she proceeded to get it off, when defendant kicked her four times in the stomach. Cross-examined by Mr. Firth, who defended, she said she was now seventeen, and had been married to defendant eighteen months. He was now twenty, and got about 13s. a week. He left her some time ago, and went to America, when she wrote taking the blame of the separation on herself. He always had a razor under his pillow, and once cut three of her fingers with it. He was always knocking her about, and once fired a revolver at her. The bullet missed her and went into the wall. Mr. Firth: That was before you were married?—Yes. And yet you married him?—Yes. Witnesses heard complainant scream and saw her husband chase her out of the house. Mr. Bird said no doubt defendant committed the assault. He must go to prison for a month with hard labour. Mr. Firth said the defendant's indentures would be cancelled if he went to prison, and complainant, crying, said she did not want him punished so; she kept him. Mr. Bird reduced the sentence to 40s. or a month.

GOT HER REVENGE.

How Two Sirens Squared Accounts with a Favourite Singer.



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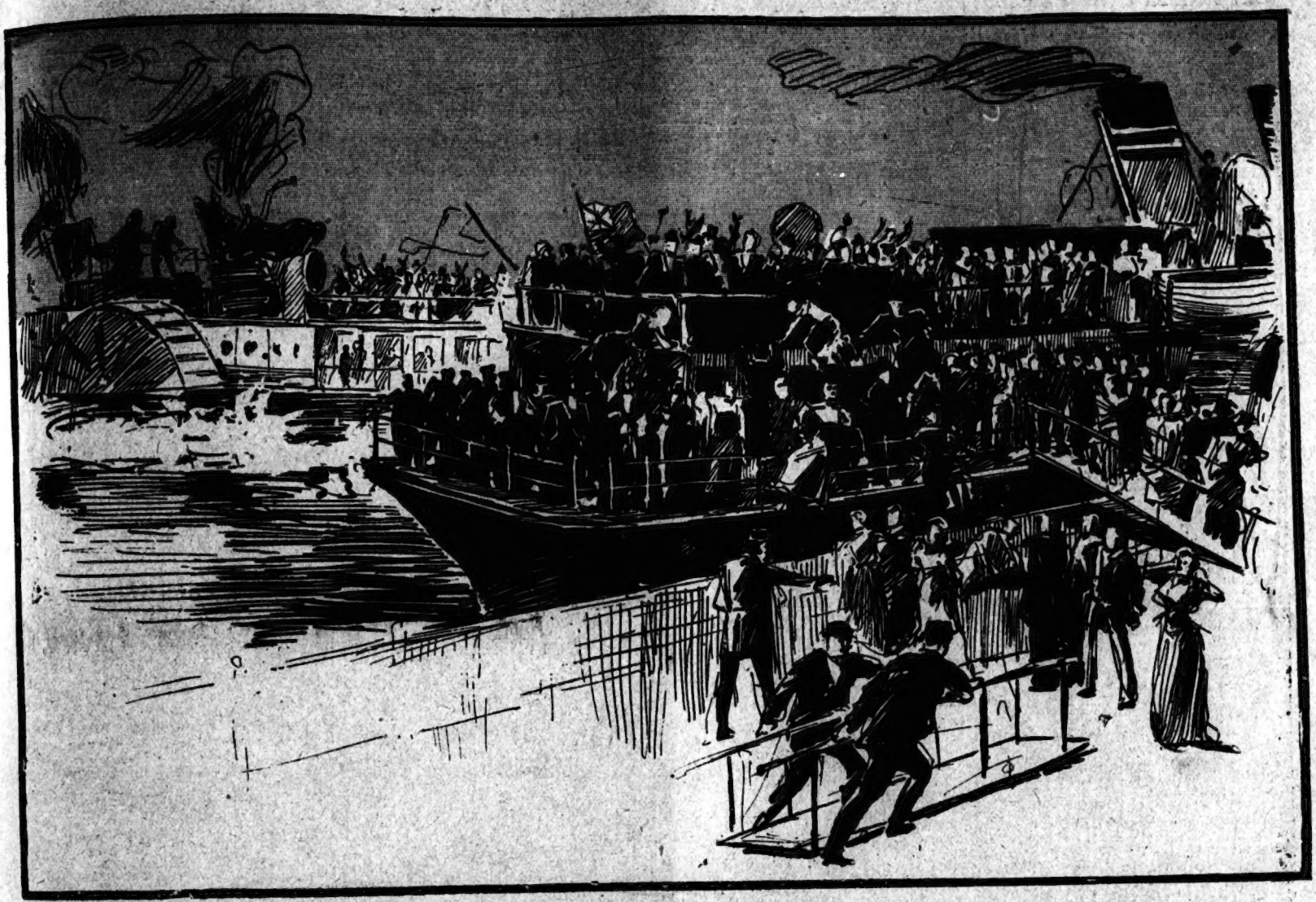

PLEASURE BOATS COLLIDE.

The "Lord of the Isles" has a Bumping Bout with the "Victoria" on the Thames.

SAD ACCIDENT AT IPSWICH.

Six Pleasure-Seekers Drowned whilst Enjoying a Holiday.

HE WHIPPED THEM BOTH.

Two Desperadoes, Badly Beaten, Plead for an Opportunity to Sneak Away.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An English gentleman who went to New Mexico to settle down some twelve years ago, and now owns one of the largest cattle ranches near Old Fort Tularosa, New Mexico, writes:—"I started in cattle business in 1882, and, for a time, we had plenty of Indian troubles, until the red men were finally subdued. I joined the United States troops in some of the Indian hunts in my neighbourhood, and was fortunate to be of some service at times. Having a comparatively fresh mount did me a good turn once. I had joined Capt. Smith, who was out with a detachment of cavalry from San Carlos Reservation. The command had ridden for two days practically without stopping, and were pretty well worn out, their horses wholly so, when they came up with the Indians. This was in what is known as Devil's Park, in the Mogollon Mountains. The Apaches were on a high bluff and the soldiers at the foot of it. Capt. Smith could not follow them with his force, but could hold them, and as I and a man with me had the only fresh mounts, we volunteered to carry despatches to Col. Morrow, at Fort Bayard, for reinforcements. The country was full of Indians, but we were lucky enough to get through all right, and by riding and driving made the trip, 180 miles there and back, in thirty hours.

"Soldiers and ranchers alike had a good bit of rough work with the Indians in those days, but there were some funny incidents even in Indian fighting. Once a storekeeper in Alma was returning from Silver City with a waggon load of goods, among them two tubs of sweets. The Indians killed him and carried off as much of his goods as they could. Among the sweets they took were a lot wrapped in papers, which also inclosed mottoes. Our hunt for them was like a paper chase, for we followed them miles by the scattered wrappers and the mottoes. Following the hot trail of a lot of murderous Apaches by slips of papers which asked, 'May I have the next dance with you?' or informed you that the giver's lover was as true as your eyes were blue, was funny; but there was something funnier when the paper trail gave out. We picked up a ball of scented soap bearing the deep imprint of an Apache's teeth. He had evidently thought it was a sweet, too, and had tried to eat it.

"All of a cattle rancher's troubles down there do not come from red renegades. The white cattle thieves are a bad and troublesome lot, or were years ago, for there are not many of them there now. When I started in twelve years ago, being an Englishman and thought to be a tenderfoot, I was considered a fair mark for every swindler and thief in the country. I never had any trouble in getting along with the decent element there, but because I refused to be buncoed or bulldozed, the men who failed in trying those games on me raised a great cry of 'arrogant Britisher,' 'oppressor of the poor rancher,' and that sort of thing.

"One of the cleverest tricks that is played by the cattle thieves is to brand a maverick, or even a calf, with some made up brand, assert that the brand belongs to a man who has left the country, and then set up a claim for the animals so branded on the ground of having bought all the stock belonging to the man who has left. Of course, if the rascal who does this would claim the brand as his own originally, you might have evidence that would convict him, but as he pretends that the brand belongs to a man who has left the country he evades prosecution, even if you have proof that the brand was put on a calf still running with a cow bearing your brand. One time I found some calves with my cows branded with some made-up brand, which I barred out and branded the calves with my brand, 'S. U.' There were some mavericks also branded in the same way. There is a law in New Mexico which requires all brands to be registered, and as I was fully convinced that this strange brand was made up for the purposes of the trick I have described, I registered it myself. At the next round-up those calves and mavericks were claimed, as I expected. The man who made the claim said he owned the brand, having bought it from a man who had left the Territory. I said: 'No; the brand belongs to me. I've registered it.' That made the man mad all the way through. Instead of having the laugh on me, as he expected, and a lot of my cattle besides, I had the laugh on him, for he had been 'pulling mavericks,' as it is called, for my benefit. The man threatened to shoot, but thought better of it, and denounced me as an overbearing Britisher who trampled on the rights of the poor man. Then there are 'poor settlers' whose calves I brand for them, and whose cattle I work, asking only that they do not steal. If I find them stealing I refuse to do more for them, and they set up the cry of the 'big outfit trying to run the poor man out of the country.' There are some few contemptible sneaks in this wild country that are enemies of myself and every honest man.

"The class of man I refer to is the 'wild and woolly' specimen peculiar to the far West, the 'chevalier d'industrie,' so to speak, of the range cattle business, a curse alike to himself and to the business to which he attaches himself as a noxious parasite. It is easy to detect him at a glance. He wears a big hat on his head, and big spurs on his feet, a big six-shooter on his hip, and frequently a big bowie knife in his boot. He uses big oaths for his own mouth, and a big 'jaw-breaker' bit for that of his horse. When mounted on his unfortunate cow pony, and when quite sure that the said pony is perfectly 'gentle,' he suddenly jabs the spurs into his flanks to make him start forward, and then as suddenly gives a jerk to his reins to pull him back, causing the cruel bit to cut the poor horse's mouth till it bleeds. All this is done to impress the passing stranger that he is really a 'bold, bad man.' He prides himself upon being a 'holy terror,' and, to give him his due, he really does impress timid children that he is a sort of 'bogie man.' He flatters himself that he is a genuine cow-puncher, which is slander on the latter, but on the round-up he does the least work and the most talking. He is always grumbling, and abuses every outfit that has ever had the misfortune to hire him. When striking you for a job he invariably informs you that he will 'work to your interest,' and then winks the other eye, which means that he is ready to steal for you to start with and from you to end with.

"He is the man who always knows better than anyone else how cattle should be handled, but whenever by any chance he is temporarily placed in a position where he can practically demonstrate his superior wisdom, somehow or other it does not appear, and he only makes a hopeless muddle of what he was deputed to do. If he is roping cows in a corral, he is the sort of man who every time he misses a throw beats his horse over the head by way of carrying conviction to the mind of the gaping neophyte that the whole fault lies with his horse and not with him. He is the sort of man who whenever he gets to town, is the Sir Oracle of the local saloon, and who, when whisky has supplied him with courage, becomes very abusive. He abuses a Mexican simply because he is a Mexican, a 'nigger' because he is a 'nigger,' a poor man because he is poor, and a rich man because he does not 'whack up.' He makes inoffensive barkeepers dance and unassuming strangers drink with him at the point of his pistol, and then shoots at the lights maybe. I saw two such fellows try to impose upon a Mexican and an Eastern chap in a barroom a short time ago, and when they found that they could not run the 'show,' they threatened to shoot, and made use of such abusive language that the Mexican became enraged, and, without warning, whipped both so thorough that they pleaded for mercy. They didn't dare to reach for a revolver, but each time one of them got up he was floored again. They finally apologised and skulked out of the shop like a couple of whipped cur dogs. The Eastern chap looked upon the occurrence with the utmost indifference, and no doubt would have caused serious trouble had they got the best of the Mexican."

CHASTISED FOR HIS IMPUDENCE.

An Old Rake receives his Just Deserts in a Railway Carriage.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An old rake was given just what he most deserved—a thorough whipping—in a railway carriage on the Underground the other day, which should serve him as an excellent lesson for the future. Upon entering a third-class compartment he sat beside a young lady, whom he spoke to several times. She responded as curt as possible, but that didn't repulse the old masher a particle. He became too persistent, and stared at her so long that a young man who sat directly opposite arose and dealt him a savage blow on the face. Quite a scuffle ensued, the young man finally subduing the old man, who on reaching the next station left the carriage, whilst the young man was the recipient of the thanks of the rest of the passengers. There were no complaints lodged on either side, because both were equally guilty, and the sympathy was against the old 'un.

HARRY STIRLING.

The Hustling Manager of the Hamilton Diorama and Variety Combination.

(With Portrait.)

Of the various amusement combinations on the road none are more popular than the Harry H. Hamilton Company, and the success it has obtained is due in a great measure to the cleverness of Mr. Harry Stirling, the hard-working manager. Stirling is known throughout Europe, and has pioneered many circuses and other shows to fame and wealth. He is contemplating a tour of the United States and Canada when arrangements are sufficiently formulated.

GOT HER REVENGE.

How Two Sirens Squared Accounts with a Favourite Singer.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In every theatrical company there exists more or less jealousy, and the favourite is generally made the target of disparaging remarks. An incident occurred the other day which cost two singers their positions in an opera company playing in the North. Encores of an encouraging nature was the good fortune of one of the troupe, and to vent spite two of the members of the troupe fished her clothing through the transom after she had retired, and the favourite was not able to leave her room until late the following day. Soon as the management traced who the perpetrators were they dismissed them without notice, imposing a fine which offset the salaries due to both.

AUSTRALIAN CANNIBALS

Regard White Man's Flesh as being too Salty.

"Never have a black fellow behind you" is a proverb in the Australian bush. The bushman's first business in life is to eat, and it matters not whether he eats white or black flesh, serpent, cattle, kangaroo, or lizard—only that it is flesh.

Of course the flesh-eater has tastes, the more epicurean the more varied his carnivorous education. He eats the flesh of white men under protest. He prefers the flesh of his own sable compatriots. White man's flesh, he will tell you, laying his hand on his stomach with a suggestive expression of disgust, is "too salty."

The black eats no salt upon his food, and after a time even the white explorer of the Australian bush learns to relish larvae, kangaroo steaks and snakes' kidneys without the addition of salt. In this way he gradually renders himself more palatable to the natives. It is a mistake to suppose that human flesh is the daily diet of these cannibals, for, in truth, they are rarely so lucky as to procure a morsel of their favourite food. The man who stands highest in the estimation of the various tribes is he who is most expert in procuring human flesh. The black fellow rarely kills one of his own small tribe for food, so he has to content himself with eating his enemies or such of his friends as die a natural death.

Snake bite and disease impair the quality of this flesh, and in the tribes where it is eaten it is usually left to the women, who are not considered worthy to eat the superior delicacy of the flesh of murdered men. The natives firmly believe the kidneys to be the seat of life, and they not only aim at this vital spot in fighting, but prefer it to any other part as food, for not only is the flavour to their liking, but in this way they insure all the strength and prowess of their victim passing into their own bodies. The women are, in the main, the providers of food, and the hideous old women learn a witch-like cunning in snaring and bringing to camp game, and even at times the previous "talgoro" (human flesh) itself.

The commoner kinds of food, such as wallaby, kangaroo meat, and lizards are cooked by throwing the flesh on live coals. When a crust is formed the natives snatch the meat from the fire and gnaw off the seared surface and then return the raw part to the coals. No matter how large the game or how much there may be of it, it is very unusual for a particle of it to be left for another time. The lean bodies of the naked blacks swell under the strain, but they continue to gorge themselves until the last bone has been gnawed and the last drop of grease has been licked from their hands.

A sort of barbecue method is used in preparing the rarer meat of the cattle, python, or "talgoro." A hole is dug in the ground and filled with fire and small stones. When the stones are almost red-hot the fire is dug out and the flesh is packed in and covered with fresh leaves, and then, with the heated stones, the whole is topped off with a layer of earth, which keeps in the steam and flavour of the slowly roasting meat.

The python's great length, of from ten to twenty feet, make it an unwieldy creature to roast. The natives coil him down into a ring, as sailors "flemish down" their ropes, and fasten the ring with vegetable fibres. It is then possible to roast it in a large hole in the ground. It is a curious picture to see the natives squatting about the fire, their mouths open with greed, waiting for the buried flesh to be roasted. They seem to know by instinct when it has cooked enough, for all together lean forward and tear open the mound, and bring out the great, coiled serpent.

A black jerks from the snake's head the jawbone, with which he slits open the creature's body. The instant the body is open the whole party scramble for the favourite parts.

The body of the snake is divided into lengths. This they do sitting about on the ground and biting into the body until they succeed in gnawing and rending it into sections. Nothing is rejected. A feast is none the less repulsive when it is of a cannibalistic sort. In that case the kidneys, fat, and thighs are considered the choice cuts. At the death of a relative the black fellow goes into mourning; that is to say, he changes his complete nudity for a string of short yellow straws about the neck, and abstains, during the days of mourning, from the daintier dishes of his tribe. This insures sorrow for the dead. He wails horribly for a short time, and an especially loving widow has been known to go the length of turning violent somersaults during the time her husband was engaged in dying. Family affection is not usually, however, so strong, as mothers allow their young children, in some tribes, to be crushed to death and join in eating them with maternal enthusiasm.

Although the bushmen can climb the smooth stem of a tree over 200ft from the ground, he has no word for tree. He can tear a python from its hiding among the fern wreaths that encircle the gum-tree at a dizzy height, but he has no word for snake. He can snatch a handful of earth from the ground at the root of a hollow tree and tell from the smell whether or not the kangaroo is at home, but he has no name for game.

With the eye of a hawk, the scent of a hound, the greed of a boa constrictor, the agility of an ape, he is still man, and loves tobacco. The nursing baby lets go with a snap to fasten upon and suck its mother's pipe, and the passion never leaves him.

HOW DOGS ARE TRAINED AND FOUGHT.

A Pastime that has Lost all its Popularity.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The stock of fighting dogs has sadly degenerated in this country, and battles nowadays are few and far between. It is not many years since that we possessed the best stock of fighting dogs in the world, but owing to the brutality of the sport and a lack of interest, battles are now seldom heard of. The best of our stock has been sent to the United States, where fighting is much more in favour than here, and matches for as high as £1,000 a-side are occasionally decided.

The bull terrier is the best breed for a game and punishing battle, and it is no simple task to train such an animal for a match. The first process to be gone through is the physicking, then comes the walking exercise to reduce the weight and harden the muscles. After a dog has been in training for two weeks his training becomes quite severe. A twelve mile walk, an hour on the treadmill, and an hours' rubbing down, constitute the daily routine. If it is the first battle he is given a try against a canine of doubtful ability, in order to inspire confidence in him. He will also be taught to hold on to a grip, by giving him a turn at a suspended bag. When making ready for the battle each dog has a handler, and after the weighing in, they are usually washed so as to destroy any chance of his skin containing pernicious matter. The dogs are washed and tasted by the opposing handlers, and whilst being cleansed they are carefully watched by two judges. When all preliminaries have been gone through then the handlers get the word, "Ready! Let go." A breathing spell is secured by one dog turning his head and shoulders from the other. After the required interval, in which the dogs are fanned and the mouth sponged out, they are again put together. It devolves upon the dog that scored the turn to cross the pit and take a "hold," and should he stop on the way or refuse to scratch, he is declared the loser. It is frequently the case where one dog is practically beaten, and the opposing canine will stand over him. Should the handler feel sure that his dog will scratch, he will call him away just to make a turn. Then the second scratch falls upon the other dog, and he loses if unable to cross the pit. A thorough game 'un will do battle until he rolls over dead in the pit, and it was not a rare occurrence for both dogs in a fight to die before the match had fairly finished or directly after it was over.

SAW A PHANTOM TRAIN.

What Two Lads Claim to Have Seen in the Western States.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Two lads near Bath City, Montana, recently stole a railway hand car in order to travel to the next town. There were no trains booked to pass through that night, and they felt sure of a clear track. They both claim that ten miles from Bath City they saw in the distance a white train approaching, and, rapidly coming to a halt, lifted the hand car clear of the track. A train of eleven cars went past, so they allege, whiteas the driven snow, and on top of one car there stood a figure holding a danger signal. The lads were so badly frightened that neither dare put their car back upon the track, but continued the journey on foot. Many people decline to credit the story said by the lads, but both vouch for its correctness.

"FARMER" BURNS.

An Illinois Wrestler who Challenges the World at Lancashire Style.

(With Portrait.)

"FARMER" BURNS, a heavy-weight catch-as-catch can-wrestler, has become prominent through his matches with Evan Lewis and other well-known wrestlers in the States. He expresses a willingness to meet any man in the world in a contest to be decided in Chicago or any of the cities in the United States lying west of New York.

COXEYITES SEEK GAOL.

THE Coxeyites who captured the train from the marshal and deputies at Montpelier, and who afterwards, on finding themselves deprived of the locomotive, went into camp near Green River City, Wyoning, May 16, made a formal request to Marshal Rankin to be placed under arrest, but were met with a refusal. A severe storm raged in the early morning of May 16, and there were frequent showers of hail and snow. The men, almost perishing of hunger and cold, became desperate, and were about to seize another train. The marshal then arrested them, and communicated with Marshal Pinham, of Idaho, who promised to obtain warrants for their arrest. The tramps were then housed and fed. Colonel Pollard, with 158 men belonging to the 18th Regiment of Infantry, reached Green River later in the forenoon to assist the marshal in conducting the arrested men back to Idaho. Marshal Pinkham is expected there from Idaho with warrants. Colonel Copeland and a detachment of 200 soldiers are on their way from Cheyenne.

MUGS STILL EXIST.

IT was not a particularly appy day on 'Ampstead 'Eath on Whit Monday for Charles Hendle père, or Charles Hendle fils. All would have been well except for the police, who not only knocked all the 'appiness out of the Hendles' dice-box but locked them in a police station as well. They had constructed a nice little imitation Monte Carlo on the heath—a board covered with a dainty cloth, on which they threw dice, and invited the holiday-making public to bet "three to one against under or over seven." The game was just beginning to get warm, and the Hendles were commencing to shovel the money of the gullible public into their spacious pockets, specially enlarged for the occasion, when some detectives pounced upon them and confiscated their improvised casino. Young Hendle attempted to rescue his father, but failed, and Henry Fenwick, labourer, from St. Pancras, attempted the same feat, which occasioned his own arrest. Brought before the magistrates at Hampstead, May 15, Hendle pere said, "'Taint no good readin' over the charge to me. I knows wot it is. It's the old game. Give us yer sentence, old chap, and be done with it." The presiding magistrate complied, and briefly said, "Six weeks' hard." Young Hendle was fined £2, with the alternative of a month; and the other disappointed dice-thrower £1, or fourteen days. They left the dock saying that there was no chance now for "a 'onest man to earn an 'apenny on 'Ampstead 'Eath."

DIDN'T SHOOT TO KILL.

AT the Seine Assize Court in Paris, May 18, took place the trial of a dressmaker who at the end of last year fired on and seriously wounded a butcher with whom she had been for some time on intimate terms. Attiring herself as a market woman and covering her face with a thick veil, she had proceeded to the neighbourhood of the shop at a very early hour in the morning, and when the butcher appeared to make his preparations for the day she had fired on him twice with a revolver. The tradesman—now completely recovered—gave his evidence in Court. The dressmaker stated, in her defence, that the butcher had promised to marry her, and that when she learned that he had taken to himself a wife without giving her any idea of his intentions, she at first contemplating committing suicide. She, however, changed her mind, and determined to avenge herself, but she did not wish to kill him outright. The butcher frankly admitted that he had promised to marry the prisoner, and added that he had made no secret of the fact. His mother, however, insisted on his breaking off the engagement. The prisoner had rendered him great services, and had lent him money when he required it for his business; but he had signed a promissory note for 5,000 francs when they parted, and all his letters had been returned. When the prisoner heard of his marriage she called on his wife's relations who quarrelled with him in consequence. The prisoner, who again explained that she only wanted to wound her old lover, and added that she could have killed him if she liked, as she was a capital shot, was acquitted.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

MR. FLIGHTY: "My dear, I have just had my life insured in your favour."

Mrs. Flighty: "Boo! hoo! You promised to make me happy for ever, and now you're thinking of making me a widow!"

* * *

"DID you give the waiter a tip?" asked one of two young men who had just taken dinner.

"You bet I did," replied the one who was loudly dressed. "It was the only way I could get even with him for the way he treated us."

"What do you mean?"

"I told him to back 'Gluefoot' straight and 'Mud Pet' for a place in to-morrow's race. If he gets out of debt in a month he'll be lucky."

* * *

"WHAT is the money to be used for that the church is rasing?"

Howler: "It's to send the minister away and give the congregation a much-needed vacation."

* * *

"DISHERE kid o' mine," said "Tough" Jimmy's parent, dragging him before the professor of boxing and athletics, "is clever with his dukes, and wants to be a fighter. He's built for it; w'at do you t'ink?"

"Here, my boy," said the gentlemanly professor, "let us find out. Let me see you take this pen and write a challenge."

* * *

HICKS: "Your mouth reminds me of Cupid's bow."

Miss L. Rhodes (delighted): "Really?"

Hicks: "Yes, you're always shooting it off."

* * *

MISTRESS: "Now, Jane, clear away the breakfast dishes and then look after the children, I'm going round the corner to have a dress fitted."

Faithful Servant: "Yes, mum. Will ye take the latchkey er shall I wait up for ye?"

* * *

CROAK: "Old boy, your stories are good, but they don't hold water."

Soaque: "You flatter me (hic) old chap—you (hic) flatter me!"

* * *

HE (reading paper): "Here's a note about an accident at White's house. The servant girl put some gunpowder in the fire, and she was blown through the roof."

She (sympathetically): "Poor Mrs. White has so much trouble with her girls! They are always leaving her without giving notice."

* * *

CRITICUS (at a ball): "I wonder why it is that society women try so hard to conceal their age?"

Cynicus (looking at the décolleté costumes): "Well, I suppose they've got to conceal something!"

A ROMANCE OF THE ATELIER.

IN rare cases the beautiful model finds a future in marriage with the painter for whom she poses. It must be remembered that artists, after all, do nothing in the way of the rest of the conventional world. To them worship and love of the beautiful in form is sometimes a stepping-stone to love of the woman herself, and like the painter who painted the girl-wife of Ruskin, they sometimes fall in love with Jeanne while painting Aphrodite. I have in mind at this moment the case of a young painter—the son of an ante-bellum Governor of one of the Southern States and a general in the Confederate army. The young man, studying art in the Latin Quarter, met one evening a young girl crying on the boulevard. He asked the cause of her distress, and she told him her story. She had been driven from her home—what lay behind that one need not now inquire—and was waiting for nightfall to end her troubles in the Seine. The young man saw that the girl was graceful and beautiful, and then and there came to him the inspiration for a picture. "Do not do as you say," he said. "Come and pose for me, and though I cannot afford much, I will pay you five francs an hour."

The young girl accepted the offer, took up her abode with the artist, and posed for him exclusively. The picture was a Salon success, and when it was finished the painter found himself deeply and earnestly in love with his model, and the girl would have thrown herself into the Seine had he sent her away. For a long time the young man remained irresolute, tormented by his own love and pride and the indignant reproaches of his family, who had heard of his infatuation. At length, however, there came a day when he threw away all conventional hesitation, married the girl and took her to the South of France, where they lived a life of absolute and passionate worship of each other. He finds in her his artistic ideal; and she, well, she adores him as a child adores a star. His pictures are becoming sought after, and he is named as one of the brightest followers of Paul Verlaine in the new school of the so-called "Decadence." They have two beautiful children.

SHE REFUSED TO PROMISE.

ABSALOM THAYER and Miss Estelle Flager stood up to be married in Indiana recently. The minister had reached that place where he turned to the bride elect and said: "You take this man as your lawful husband?" She answered: "No, sir; I do not. You are the first who has asked my opinion on the matter. Mr. Thayer has been courting my mother for more than a year. I thought it was herself he wanted, but it appears that he wanted her consent to marry me, and she concluded to compel me to wed him."

The minister then said: "This ends it. I have no power to bind any one against his or her will."

The crowd broke up, cheering for the girl.

BAD LOSERS IN FRANCE.

AN extraordinary scene occurred on the racecourse at Longchamps, near Paris, May 17. M. Edmond Blanc's Toujours, one of the favourites for the Prix de Reisset for three-year-olds, the principal event on the program for the tenth day of the spring meeting, broke away out of the course, and did not come in. When the race was over an angry crowd invaded the course, hooting the jockey and the members of the sporting fraternity who gathered round to protect the rider and his mount. Walking-sticks were brandished, and two mounted soldiers rode across to lend assistance in preserving order, but their appearance still further excited the crowd, who did not hesitate to strike both the men and horses. The jockey jumped off his horse and ran through the turnstile into the grand stand, pursued by an number of infuriated losers. A strong squad of police, stationed at the turnstile, kept back the mob, who indulged in angry shouts and imprecations. The jockey subsequently made his way to the paddocks, where his arrival provoked a repetition of the disturbance, both man and horse receiving a shower of blows. A lively altercation followed between the trainer of Toujours and some of the people standing by. Blows were freely exchanged before the quarrel ended. Order was with difficulty restored, but the excitement gradually calmed down, and the fourth race, the Prix du Prince de Calles, was run without incident. The stewards intend to hold an inquiry into the reasons why Toujours broke away.

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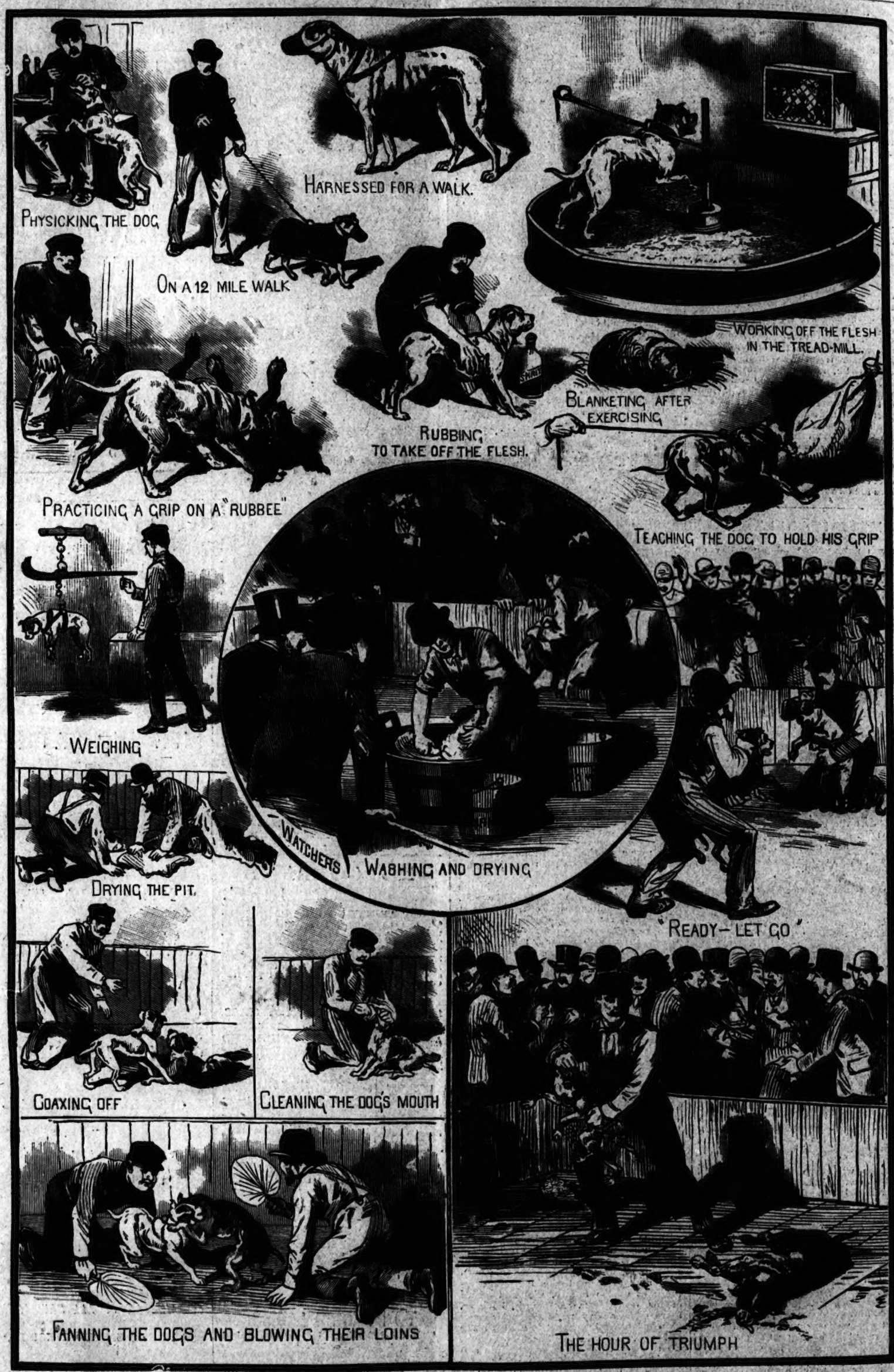

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